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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Modernism

WHAT *is* this modernism in literature which is talked about with such a knowing air? Is the phrase one of those terms, convenient because meaningless, into which we thrust whatever cannot be explained by last year's formulas? Modernism means what we are doing today, no more and no less, and what we are doing today is quite as likely to be an imitation, a pastiche (like collegiate gothic), as a real novelty, a true experiment. The fictionized biography is a revival of a favorite seventeenth-century trick, the "debunking" biography is a return to the satiric mood of the eighteenth century, with a new set of democratic ideas running in the authors' heads. Yet changes in the medium itself, in language, may be new as well as modern because they represent (like a child's first sentences) a new articulation.

Mr. Wilenski, in his "Meaning of Modern Sculpture," has eloquently defended the genuine originality of so-called modernist sculpture, in the work of Moore, Modigliani, and Epstein. These innovators, he says, have broken utterly with the "nine-pin" tradition of Græco-Roman art, and are trying to give significance to inert masses of stone or metal, a significance suggested to some extent by the nature of the mass, and defined in the finished work as a true relation between organic life and the related rhythms of inanimate nature. These men work with geometric figures—the sphere, the cube, the pyramid, the cylinder, or, as in negro carving, with a mass revolving about an axis, and so get at new expressions of nudity in the human animal, or poses truly original because for the first time seen in their true relationship to the permanent values of geometry. Only a false education, he says, makes the novel beauty of their work ugly and misshapen to our eyes.

Literature also, in its sincere examples, has been built into forms which have a geometrical as well as representational truth. A sphere set upon a truncated pyramid is no bad simile for the structure of a sonnet. An inverted pyramid rising from a terse statement to a broad summary might serve as graph for one of Macaulay's superb paragraphs. A series of shining globes would be a mathematical symbol for Emerson's revolving epigrams. Spatial relationships are indeed closely analogous to that true form in literature which is so much a part of the idea that neither thought nor expression is complete until it is perfected. Both have order and proportion, and both spring from the same faculty of logic in the human mind.

But modern literature has made no real innovations in this direction. Form in this sense was more highly valued in the Middle Ages or in the eighteenth century than now. Dante and Pope can be more readily turned into their geometrical analogues than Proust or Joyce or Eugene O'Neill. And yet the most talked of among modern experimenters with words have tried, like the new sculptors, to lift their work out of stereotyped representationalism into a new diction where the inert could be significant. They have, for example, in pursuit of the psychologists' idea of a stream of consciousness, torn words from their usual context in order to represent, not familiar speech, but rather the incoherent reactions of the mind to the stresses

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ODYSSEUS APPROACHES NAUSICAA. FROM THE BUTCHER AND LANG "ODYSSEY."

The Odyssey of Lawrence

THE PREFACE, AND AN EXCERPT FROM THE TRANSLATION

Colonel Lawrence, the author of "Revolt in the Desert," who has lived both an "Iliad" and an "Odyssey" of his own, for a number of years has been engaged upon a prose translation of "the first novel of Europe" which should do for our generation, in a style of our own time, what Butcher and Lang did for the Victorians in their famous rendering. We print below his introduction, with its extraordinarily interesting characterization of the "bookworm" and "antiquary" Homer, and also a sample of this new translation. Private Shaw of the British Air Force, as he now prefers to name himself, began his extraordinary career as a scholar in philosophy and archæology before he became "Lawrence of Arabia," the most romantic figure of the World War. Gilbert Murray will later review for us this translation which the Oxford University Press publishes next week.

THE twenty-eighth English rendering of the Odyssey can hardly be a literary event, especially when it aims to be essentially a straightforward translation. Wherever choice offered between a poor and a rich word richness had it, to raise the color I have transposed: the order of metrical Greek being unlike plain English. Not that my English is plain enough. Wardour-Street Greek like the Odyssey's defies honest rendering. Also I have been free with moods and tenses; allowed myself to interchange adjective and adverb; and dodged our poverty of preposition, limitations of verb, and pronominal vagueness by rearrangement. Still, syntax apart, this is a translation.

It has been made from the Oxford text, uncritically. I have not pored over contested readings, variants, or spurious lines. However scholars may question the text in detail, writers (and even would-be writers) cannot but see in the Odyssey a single, authentic, unedited work of art, integrally preserved. Thrice I noted loose ends, openings the author had forgotten: one sentence I would have shifted in time: five or six lines rang false to me: one speech seems to come before its context. These are motes in a book which is neat, close-knit, artful, and various; as nearly word-perfect as midnight oil and pumice can effect.

Crafty, exquisite, homogeneous—whatever great art may be, these are not its attributes. In this tale every big situation is burked and the writing is soft. The shattered Iliad yet makes a masterpiece; while the Odyssey by its ease and interest remains the oldest book worth reading for its story and the first novel of Europe. Gay, fine, and vivid it is: never huge or terrible. Book XI, the Underworld, verges toward "terribilita"—yet runs instead to the seed of pathos, that feeblest mode of writing. The author misses his every chance of greatness, as must all his faithful translators.

This limitation of the work's scope is apparently conscious. Epic belongs to early man, and this Homer lived too long after the heroic age to feel assured and large. He shows exact knowledge of what he could and could not do. Only through such superb self-criticism can talent rank beside inspiration.

In four years of living with this novel I have tried to deduce the author from his self-betrayal in the work. I found a bookworm, no longer young, living from home, a mainlander, city-bred and domestic. Married but not exclusively, a dog-lover, often hungry and thirsty, dark-haired. Fond of poetry, a great if uncritical reader of the Iliad, with limited sensuous range but an exact eyesight which gave him all his pictures. A lover of old bric-a-brac, though as muddled an antiquary as Walter Scott—in sympathy with which side of him I have conceded "tenterhooks" but not railway-trains.

It is fun to compare his infuriating male condescension towards inglorious woman with his tender charity of head and heart for serving-men. Though a stickler for the prides of poets and a man who never misses a chance to cocker up their standing, yet he must be (like writers two thousand years after him) the associate of menials, making himself their friend and defender by understanding. Was it a fellow-feeling, or did he forestall time in his view of slavery?

He loved the rural scene as only a citizen can. No farmer, he had learned the points of a good olive tree. He is all adrift when it comes to fighting, and had not seen deaths in battle. He had sailed upon and watched the sea with a palpitant concern, seafaring being not his trade. As a

(*Continued on next page*)

The Cleft Eliot

SELECTED ESSAYS. By T. S. ELIOT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ELMER MORE

IT is pretty well known by now that T. S. Eliot has come from London to Harvard as Professor of Poetry for the year on the Charles Eliot Norton Foundation. The selection will be generally applauded, though a few may ask cynically what Mr. Norton himself, with his kinship to the old preaching Eliots of Massachusetts and his uncompromising notions of art, would have thought of such an appointment. The significant fact is that the present scion of the family is perhaps the most distinguished man of letters today in the English-speaking world, and that his homecoming will be the occasion of much comment, favorable and unfavorable, and of much searching of our critical principles. For myself I have this personal interest, that his grandfather, a cousin, I believe, of the former President of Harvard, was Chancellor of the little university (at that time little) in St. Louis to which I owe my academic allegiance, and that I had the privilege of teaching one of the grandsons in a school conducted under the charter of the University, though that office has not been extended in any form to my pupil's brother.

As for the distinguished position of Mr. Eliot, no one is likely to dispute the fact who is familiar with the English press and knows with what frequency and respect his name occurs. More significant even is his following among the younger thinking men of England, especially in the universities. Nor is this following confined to his adopted country. I can well remember the furor of enthusiasm roused among the youthful intelligentsia of Princeton a few years ago when I proposed that he should be invited to lecture here. Whatever the more sober part of the world may think of him, his name acts, or certainly has acted, like a spell upon the forward pushing minds of two countries.

The fact of Mr. Eliot's reputation is indisputable. But if one asks the reason for it, the answer is not so quickly at hand. As a critic he stands high. For myself I

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This Week

"EARTH HORIZON."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"THE THREE JAMES."
Reviewed by LEON EDEL.

"DIANA STAIR."
Reviewed by HARLAN HATCHER.

"ILL WIND."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"THE NARROW CORNER."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"GEORGE GERSHWIN'S SONG BOOK."
Reviewed by SIGMUND SPAETH.

"THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION."
Reviewed by HENRY P. FAIRCHILD.

Next Week, or Later

WALTER LIPPMANN.
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

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minor sportsman he had seen wild boars at bay and heard tall yarns of lions.

Few men can be sailors, soldiers and naturalists. Yet this Homer was neither land-lubber nor stay-at-home nor ninny. He wrote for audiences to whom adventures were daily life and the sea their universal neighbor. So he dared not err. That famous doubled line where the Cyclops narrowly misses the ship with his stones only shows how much better a seaman he was than his copyist. Scholiasts have tried to riddle his technical knowledge—and of course he does make a hotch-potch of periods. It is the penalty of being pre-archæological. His pages are steeped in a queer naivety; and at our remove of thought and language we cannot guess if he is smiling or not. Yet there is a dignity which compels respect and baffles us, he being neither simple in education nor primitive socially. His generation so rudely admired the Iliad that even to misquote it was a virtue. He sprinkles tags of epic across his pages. In this some find humor. Rather I judge that here too the tight lips of archaic art have grown the fixed grin of archaism.

Very bookish, this house-bred man. His work smells of the literary coterie, of a writing tradition. His notebooks were stocked with purple passages and he embedded these in his tale wherever they would more or less fit. He, like William Morris, was driven by his age to legend, where he found men living untrammelled under the God-possessed skies. Only, with more verbal felicity than Morris's, he had less poetry. Fashion gave him recurring epithets, like labels: but repetitions tell, in public speaking. For recitation, too, are the swarming speeches. A trained voice can put drama and incident into speeches. Perhaps the tedious delay of the climax through ten books may be a poor bard's means of prolonging his host's hospitality.

Obviously the tale was the thing; and that explains (without excusing it to our [illegible]) his thin and accidental fades, unused. Eumaeus fared better: but only the central family stands out, consistently and pitilessly drawn—the sly cattish wife, that cold-blooded egotist Odysseus, and the priggish son who yet met his master-prig in Menelaus. It is sorrowful to believe that these were really Homer's heroes and exemplars.

T. E. SHAW.

NAUSICAA IS SENT BY ATHENE

It was to his house that the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, descended to plan the reception of great-hearted Odysseus: and f his house she chose to enter the preci-us room where slept Nausicaa, daughter of royal Alcinous, a girl beautiful as an immortal in nature and form. Beside her, on each side of the entry, slept two handmaidens whom the Graces had blessed with the gift of loveliness: and the gleaming doors were shut. Yet through them Athene swept like a sharp wind to the girl's head. For the sake of her message the goddess had assumed the likeness of a playmate of Nausicaa's own age and dear to her, the daughter of Dymas a famous sea captain. In this character then the grey-eyed Athene said:—

"O Nausicaa, how careless has your mother's daughter grown! These rich clothes all lie neglected, while your marriage season draws near: and that is the very time when you must clothe yourself rarely and have other things to give those who will take you in the bridal procession. By trifles like these is a good name won in the world, and fathers and mothers made proudly happy.

"Therefore let us go washing tomorrow at the break of day: for I will lend you my aid, as fellow-worker, that you may be the sooner decked ready for that near time when you shall cease to be a maid. Do not the best lads of the Phæacians, your kith and kin throughout the countryside, already ask your hand? So remember now to beg your father, first thing in the morning, to give you the mules and a waggon big enough to hold the men's body-wrappers and your dresses and the glossy bed-covers. It will be better if you ride in it, too: for the washing pools are a very long foot-journey from the town."

Having thus fulfilled her purpose Athene went away to Olympus where evermore they say the seat of the gods stays sure: for the winds shake it not, nor is it wetted by rain, nor approached by any snow. All around stretches the cloudless firmament, and a white glory of sunlight is diffused about its walls. There the blessed gods are happy all their days: and thither, accordingly, repaired the grey-eyed One after clearly imparting her message to the maiden.

T. E. LAWRENCE—AIRMAN SHAW.

High-throned Dawn came to rouse Nausicaa of the goodly robe. She, waking, wondered at her dream and went straight through the house to tell her dear father and mother...She went near to this father she loved, that she might softly say:—

"Dear Father, will you not let me have the deep easy-wheeled waggon, that I may take all the good soiled clothes that lie by me to the river for washing? It is only two have taken wives: and the three merry bachelors are always wanting clothes newly washed when they go out to dances. Thinking about all these things is one of my mind's cares."

So much she said, too shy to name to her dear father the near prospect of her marriage: but he saw everything and answered in a word: "My child, I do not grudge you mules, or anything. Go: the bondsmen will get you the tall, light waggon with the high tilt."

As he spoke he called his men, who obeyed. They brought the easy-running mule cart to the outside of the palace and led forth the mules and yoked them to it, while the girl was carrying down the gay clothes from her bedchamber and heaping them into the smooth-sided cart. The mother packed tasty meats in a travelling box; all sorts of good things to eat, including relishes: and filled a goatskin with wine. Then as her daughter climbed into the cart she gave to her a golden phial of limpid olive oil, that she and the handmaidens might anoint themselves after bathing. Nausicaa took up the whip and the polished reins. She struck the beasts to start them: there came a clitter-clatter from the mules who laid vigorously into the collar and bore off the linen and the girl—not alone, of course: her maids went too.

At journey's end they came to the flowing stream of the lovely river and found the washing-places, within which from beneath there bubbled up such abundance of clear water that its force was sufficient to clean the very dirtiest things. There they loosed the mules from the cart and drove them down to the rippling water, where was honey-sweet herbage for their cropping. Then they took the garments from the waggon in armfuls and laid them in the shadowed water of the washing pools: where they danced on them in emulation, each striving to outkneed the rest. After [illegible] where the sea had washed it clean.

The work being done they fell to bathing, and then anointed themselves to sleekness with their olive oil before carrying their provisions to a nook which overlooked the sea; where they ate and waited as the clothes lay out in the sunlight drying. The food having satisfied their appetites the handmaids and their young mistress next threw off their scarves and turned to playing with a ball. The white forearms of Nausicaa, leading the chorus, beat time for this ball-dance. She moved with them, as arrow-loving Artemis goes down the mountain-steeps of supreme Taygetus or Erymanthus when she is pleased to chase wild boars or flying stags with all her rout of nymphs (those shy ones, daughters of our lord of the ægis, Zeus): and then the heart of her mother Leto delights in Artemis for that she bears her head so high, and her brows, and moves carelessly notable among them all where all are beautiful —even so did this chaste maiden outshine her maids.

When at last it was time for her to fare homeward they set to yoking-in the mules and folding the fair garments: then the grey-eyed goddess Athene took thought how to arouse Odysseus from sleep that he might see the fair maiden who should lead him to the city where the Phæcians lived:—which was why, when the girl next flung the ball to one of her retinue, she threw wide of her and put the ball into a deep eddy. Whereat their shrieks echoed far: and awoke great Odysseus who sat up and brooded dully in his heart and head. "Alack now, and in what land of men do I find myself? Will they be inhospitable and savagely unjust; or kind to strangers, of god-fearing nature? How it plays round me, this shrilling of girls or of nymphs who hold the inaccessible heads of the mountains and the springs of rivers and water-meadows of rich grass. By the voices I do think them human. Let me go forward, and if I can see. . . ."

Thus muttering Odysseus crept out from his bushes, snapping off in his powerful hands from the thick tree one very leafy shoot with which to shield from sight the maleness of his body. So he sallied forth, like the mountain-bred lion exulting in his strength, who goes through rain and wind with burning eyes. After great or small cattle he prowls, or the wild deer. If his belly constrain him he will even attempt the sheep penned in solid manors.

So boldly did Odysseus, stark naked as he was, make to join the band of maidens: for necessity compelled him. None the less he seemed loathsome in their sight because of his defilement with the sea-wrack; and in panic they ran abroad over all the spits of the salt beaches. Only the daughter of Alcinous remained; for Athene had put courage into her heart and taken terror from her limbs so that she stood still, facing him, while Odysseus wondered whether he had better clasp her knees and entreat this handsome girl or stand away by himself and cajole her with such honeyed words as should bring her to clothe his necessity and introduce him within her city. Even as he weighed these courses, it seemed to him most likely to benefit him if he stood off and coaxed [illegible] queen: yet am I in doubt whether you are divine or mortal. If a goddess from high heaven, then Artemis you must be, the daughter of great Zeus and your nearest peer in form, stature, and parts. But if you are human, child of some dweller on this earth of ours, then thrice blessed your father and lady mother, thrice blessed your family! What happy joy in your regard must warm their hearts each time they see this slip of perfection joining in the dance: and blessed above all men in his own sight will be that most fortunate one who shall prevail in bridal gifts and lead you to his home! Never, anywhere, have I set eyes on such a one, not man nor woman. Your presence awes me . . . Likewise at you, Lady, do I wonder. With amazement and exceeding fear would I fain take your knees. I am in such misery. Only yesterday, after twenty days, did I escape from the wine-dark sea. That long the surges have been throwing me about, and the tearing storms, all the way from the island of Ogygia. And now some power has flung me on this shore where also it is likely I shall suffer hurt. I dare not yet look for relief. Before that comes the gods will have inflicted on me many another pain.

"Yet, O Queen, have pity. The sport of many evils I come to you, to you first of all, for of the many others who hold this town and land I know not a soul. Show me the city: give me a rag to fling about my body—the wrapper of your washing bundle would do, if you brought one here —and to you may the Gods requite all your heart's desire; husband, house, and especially ingenious accord within that house: for there is nothing so good and lovely as when man and wife in their home dwell together in unity of mind and disposition. A great vexation it is to their enemies and a feast of gladness to their friends: surest of all do they, within themselves, feel all the good it means."

To him replied Nausicaa of the white arms: "Stranger—for to me you seem no bad or thoughtless man—it is Zeus himself who assigns bliss to men, to the good and to the evil as he wills, to each his lot. Wherefore surely he gave you this

How Could You Know?

To John Milton, Whose Feet Never Left The Ground; Upon Reading Those Lines of "Paradise Lost" That Describe Flying, This Sonnet By One Who Has Been A Pilot.

By BEN RAY REDMAN

HOW could you know—who never rose so high
As lowly wren, or thrush, or linnet bright—
The vasty mazes of the upper sky,
The swift exalting symphony of flight?
How could you shape such lines as make us feel
Aloft again, our pinions rising far,
As Satan turns "in many an aery wheel,"
And Uriel drops like "a shooting star"?
Milton! you give us back our wings again,
When the Arch Fiend, ridden by black desire,
Spreads wide his "sail-broad vans," or when
He upward springs, "a pyramid of fire."
Folly to think that we have ever flown,
When you dared Hell and God's high gate, alone!

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unhappiness and you must bear it: but inasmuch as you have attained our place you shall not lack clothing nor the other things which are the due of a battered suppliant, when he has been received. I will show you the city and name those you see there. The town and the district belong to the Phæacians whose strength and might are vested in Alcinous, their king: and I am his daughter."

She spoke, and cried orders after her maidens with the braided hair. "Rally to me, women. Why run because you see a man? You cannot think him an enemy. There lives not, nor shall there live, a man to come upon this Phæacian land to ravage it. The gods love the Phæacians too well. Also we are very remote in the dashing seas, the ultimate race of men: wherefore no other peoples have affairs with us. This man appeals as a luckless wanderer whom we must now kindly entertain. Homeless and broken men are all of them in the sight of Zeus, and it is a good deed to make them some small alms: wherefore, my maids, give our bedesman food and drink and cleanse him in the river at some spot shielded from the wind." So she said. Slowly they stood firm, and each to the other repeated her order. Soon they had set Odysseus in the sheltered place according to the word of Nausicaa, daughter of large-minded Alcinous. They laid out clothes, a loose mantle with a tunic, and gave to him their pure oil in its golden phial and urged him to be washed in the waters of the river: but noble Odysseus up and spoke to the serving maids, saying, "Handmaidens, stand you thus far off, in order that I may myself cleanse my body of the sea-stains and anoint it with oil. Too long has my skin been a stranger to ointment. Yet in your sight I will not bathe. I am shy of my nakedness among maidens so carefully tressed."

Thus he said: and they went to tell it to their young mistress.

Mr. Eliot's Return

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have been going through the volume of his "Selected Essays" (it is so comprehensive as almost to justify the title "collected"). Undoubtedly the author comes well through this ordeal of continuous reading. There is capable scholarship in these essays, particularly in those that deal with the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists; there is a play of alert and penetrating thought, and above all a certain unassumed gravity of judgment, a certain note of authority, not readily defined but insinctively felt. The "metaphysical" poets, from whom Mr. Eliot rightly draws his spiritual lineage, will have a new value for any one who has read his analysis of their method. Yet there are sides to his critical work which are not so easily reconciled with his reputation. His apparent blindness to the real greatness of Milton may be explained by the fact that Milton stands at the head of the line of development which to Mr. Eliot's disciples, if not to Mr. Eliot himself, has acted like a damper upon English poetry until the advent of the modern "metaphysicals"; but that cavalier judgment will not please many whose taste was formed in an older school, nor those younger advocates of a return to Milton of whom Professor Elliott, of Amherst, is a leader. And, on the other hand, the critic's pages are sprinkled with pungent sayings that must shock and sting the complacent enthusiasts of modernism. Who then are the authenticators of his critical renown, the conservatives or the modernists?

But Mr. Eliot is a poet as well as a critic, or, more precisely, a poet primarily; and it might be presumed that the source of his great reputation could be found in his verse rather than in his prose. And this in a sense is true. Yet here too difficulties arise, which perhaps may be best exhibited by relating a bit of personal experience. I am myself a staunch admirer of his "Ash Wednesday," though the poem has been pretty harshly judged by certain narrow champions of his earlier style. Well, I have read the poem aloud five or six times to variously

T. S. ELIOT

composed groups of listeners (and reading aloud is about the final test of a poet), with invariably the same result. Without exception, whether their taste was of the older or the newer model, the auditors have been deeply impressed. For one thing they have felt the sonority of the lines and have been stirred by the cadences of a music which is extremely rare in our free verse. And this is not the melody of merely prettily selected and adroitly adjoined words, independent of their sense, but suggests the profounder harmony—if one could only find it—of an organically constructive genius behind the superficial disarray of the phrases. Yet without exception also the poem—and generally it was read aloud two or three times consecutively to the same group—failed to convey any clear meaning. Regularly the comment was the same: This is beautiful, this holds our attention; but we have the vaguest notion, if any notion, of what it is all about. Ordinarily the complaint was made by way of disparagement, whether of the poet's intelligence or the hearer's capacity. But not always. On one occasion the poem selected for reading was "The Hippopotamus," which ends, as will be remembered, with this rather startling comparison:

> He shall be washed as white as snow,
> By all the martyr'd virgins kist,
> While the True Church remains below
> Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.

At the conclusion of the reading I turned to one of the most attentive auditors, an enthusiast to whom Mr. Eliot is the sublimest poet since Milton (the concession to Milton being, I suspect, of the lips only), with the query: Now this has the ring of poetry; but what in the name of sense *is* the hippopotamus? "Does it make any difference?" cried he, almost jumping out of his chair at the indignity of such a question. And his answer, if it did not elucidate Mr. Eliot, explained several things to me in the taste of the younger generation. (I may add that on a later occasion the poet himself, with his sly ironic smile, put me off by intimating that possibly the writer could not—he meant would not—expound my riddle.)

Now all this points to a curious discrepancy in Mr. Eliot's position. I find a good many poetry lovers of the older tradition simply neglecting him as unintelligible and unimportant; and this indifference I can understand, though I do not share it. A few also of the ultra modern type repudiate him with equal finality, but with an added note of supercilious contempt which is rather characteristic of the fully emancipated mind. Miss Rebecca West, for instance, ridicules his "flustered search for coherence," and a preposterous contributor to the Boston *Transcript* ends a long diatribe with the complaint: "He still is lost in his Waste Land and, whether with malice or not, is still pointing out false roads to the oasis to those travelers who seek from him the way"—rather than from Mr. Calverton. Other radicals distinguish for their own satisfaction between the poet of the past and the critic of the present. I once asked a young student of very advanced ideas about art and life how he, as an admirer of Mr. Eliot, reconciled the "Waste Land" with the program of classicism and royalism (*i.e.*, the divine right of kings) and Anglo-Catholicism announced in a recent preface. His reply was quick and decisive: "I don't reconcile them; I take the one and leave the other." And to this rebuke I had nothing to say, since it pointed to a cleft in Mr. Eliot's career to which I am myself sensitive, though my young friend's order of values is the reverse of my own.

There it is, the dilemma that confronts those who recognize Mr. Eliot's great powers; somehow they must reconcile for themselves what appears to be an inconsequence between the older poet and the newer critic, or must adjust their admiration to what cannot be reconciled. It is not that we have to do with an author who is strong in one phase of his work and weak in another, but that this power is so differently directed here and there. The writer of the "Waste Land" and the other poems of that period appeals to us as one struck to the heart by the confusion and purposelessness and wastefulness of the world about him, and as dismayed by the impoverishment of our human emotions and imagination in a life so divested of meaning and so dull of conscience. And to that world his verse will be held up as a ruthlessly faithful mirror. The confusion of life will be reflected in the disorganized flux of images; its lack of clear meaning in the obscurity of language; its defiance of authoritative creeds in a license of metrical form; its dislocated connection with the past in the floating débris of allusion; while its flattened emotions will be reproduced realistically, without comment. If there be any salvation from such a whirligig of chance and time it is only into the peace of utter escape—"*Shantih, shantih!*"

And now against this lyric prophet of chaos must be set the critic who will judge the world from the creed of the classicist, the royalist, and the Anglo-Catholic, who will see behind the clouds of illusion the steady decrees of a divine purpose, and who has gone so far at least in that program as to compose a long pamphlet (included in the "Selected Essays") of "Thoughts after Lambeth." And what is the young rebel who rejoices in the disillusion of the "Waste Land" to do with the Bishops of the Church assembled in solemn conclave to unravel the purposes of Deity? In one sense it would be easy to reconcile such a *volte face* by saying simply that the author has undergone a deep conversion; and that explanation is in a way true. But the embarrassing fact remains that somehow the poet contrives to carry on the old shop into the new market. I think, for instance, that a sensitive mind cannot read "Ash Wednesday" without an uneasy perception of something fundamentally amiss in employing for an experience born of Anglo-Catholic faith a metrical form and a freakishness of punctuation suitable for the presentation of life regarded as without form and void. Such a discord manifestly was felt by those to whom I have read the poem, though one and all they responded to the mere magic of the language in itself. And I am sure it is this same disharmony between subject and mode of expression that drives a friendly critic like Mr. McGreevy to complain of being fairly disconcerted by "the distinct falling off in vigor and vividness, in pregnancy, suggestiveness of words, in technical adequacy to the subject, not only from the quality of the 'Waste Land' but from that of the much earlier 'Prufrock.'" I am sure it is not inadequate technique that disconcerts Mr. McGreevy, for there is no falling off in adequacy, but wrong technique, which is quite another thing.

No, it is not the revolution in Mr. Eliot's views of life, his conversion if you prefer the word, that troubles his true admirers, but the fact that his change on one side is complicated and disrupted by lack of change on the other side. And here I would like to recall a bit of conversation with him, trusting that I may do so without any breach of confidence or betrayal of the intimacies of friendship (if Mr. Eliot will allow me the honor of calling myself a friend). It was in his London home; I was lauding the audacity of the critical conversion announced in the preface to his "Lancelot Andrewes," then recently published, and I concluded with the query: "And now, when you have completed this heroic program and have returned, as your intention is, to verse, will your form and style show any signs of this conversion, or will you cling to the old impossible (so I expressed it) manner of the 'Waste Land'?" "No," he exclaimed, losing for a moment his armor of placid irony, and shaking a defiant fist in the air,—"No; in that I am absolutely unconverted!"

I am not at all confident that I have interpreted Mr. Eliot correctly, or that, in particular, I have grasped his state of mind when he composed the earlier poems; his is an elusive, though an unmistakable genius. But my perplexity over some unreconciled paradox, at once provocative and baffling, in his attitude towards life and letters has been confirmed by too many witnesses to leave me in doubt of its justification. Mr. Eliot, I am sure, would disavow any ambition to pose as a leader of men; but he is a leader, and a very influential leader. Our difficulty is that he seems to be leading us in two directions at once.

A Woman of Genius

EARTH HORIZONS. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

MARY AUSTIN has occupied a unique place among American novelists for a generation. Her first work nearly thirty years ago appeared in two modest volumes, "The Land of Little Rain" and "The Flock." These books, which were scarcely more than fictionalized sketches, had their background in the desert country of California back of the coast range, a wild, weird, but lovely land, bleak to eyes that do not love it, but interesting from any

MARY AUSTIN.

angle. These two slight books which still hold their place and are sold today in cheap editions, were followed by a group of longer novels of which probably the best was "A Woman of Genius." Mrs. Austin arrived as an American novelist in the latter part of the first decade of the century. Her realism was regarded as rather advanced in that day; certainly she discussed matters that Mr. Howells would have avoided, and her philosophy was a rather militant feminism in the days when American women were seeking the ballot. And although she did not identify feminism too closely with suffrage, yet her work was propaganda for the emancipation of women that came in the next decade.

In this biography, Mrs. Austin earnestly tries to reveal herself, to explain the pattern upon which her life was inevitably woven on the loom of blood and environment. She tries to get down to the first equation of her spirit and explain who she is in terms of her attitude toward the cosmos. The book reveals a mystic, though not a romanticist. Her story moves through these pages with something of the dramatic force of a novel, for primarily Mary Austin is a novelist, a novelist of character. In this book she appears in the third person, often as "Mary" or "I—Mary." The narrative takes her swiftly

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out of her forebears back in the early nineteenth century to her birth in Illinois in the home of a country lawyer in the late sixties. Here she was exposed to books, the literature of the seventies and eighties, the New England poets and Emerson and Poe, and, best of all, Whitman. In her girlhood Howells and the New England short-story writers attracted her attention. Her people moved West to take a claim in California. There she grew up in "the land of little rain." There she attended a California Normal School and later took academic work in other western institutions. There she became identified with the California group of writers, notably Jack London, George Sterling, and Lincoln Steffens, and lived at Carmel, an artist's colony not far from San Francisco. There she met the young Hoovers who came and went from Palo Alto to the uttermost parts of the earth. Before she was thirty, she had married and was separated from her husband and was definitely lost in her literary career.

The story tells all of this, recounting with decent modesty her rise to recognition and tells of her travels in Europe, her visit to England where she saw Wells and Shaw and their Edwardian contemporaries. For a time Mrs. Austin lived in New York and then took up her abode in New Mexico, a land curiously also of little rain. She has been greatly influenced in her thinking by the mysticism of the Western Indians whose religion she has studied sincerely. Their attitude toward life, their psychology, the fundamental spiritual attitude which directs Indian character she has considered long and well. Throughout the book one catches glimpses, reflections, shimmering vistas of the Indian influence in her life. She has written a number of Indian plays and is active politically in defending Indian rights. The story recounts all these things and more. It is a worthy record of an interesting life intelligently and rather impersonally set down. As a novel it would read well. As a biography it has genuine distinction.

An Amazing Family

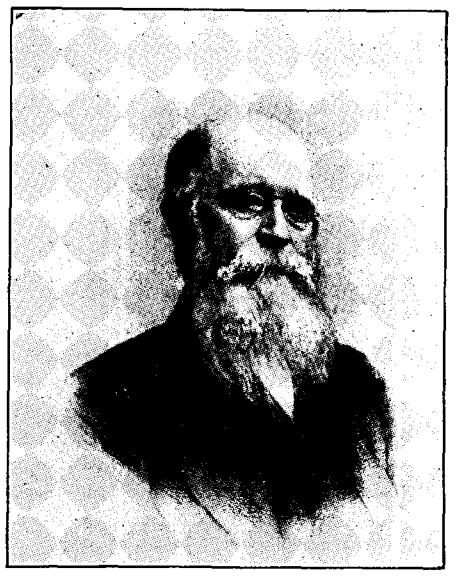
THE THREE JAMES, A Family of Minds. By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1932. $3.50.

THEATRE AND FRIENDSHIP: Letters from Henry James to Elizabeth Robins. With a commentary by ELIZABETH ROBINS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by LEON EDEL

THERE could not be a more entertaining treat than a dinner at the James house when all the young people where at home," wrote E. L. Godkin on one occasion. "They were full of stories of the oddest kind, and discussed questions of morals or taste or literature with a vociferous vigor, so great as sometimes to lead the young men to leave their seats and gesticulate on the floor. I remember . . . it was not unusual for the sons to invoke humorous curses on their parent, one of which was that 'his mashed potatoes might always have lumps in them.'" This quotation from an observer of what must have been, surely, one of the most amazing households in the United States of sixty or seventy years ago, paints in a few words a more vivid picture of the Jameses than Mr. Grattan has painted in 350 pages. For there lies the weakness of the present work: it purports to describe a "family of minds"—but nowhere do we see the protagonists living together as a family. Mr. Grattan creates three portraits instead of one. His work sets out to be synthetic—what else could be its purpose?—but it is, unfortunately, analytic, and not always successfully so.

That Mr. Grattan has scratched the surface of a rich, fine field for the biographer there is not the least doubt. The family that gave us William James, the philosopher-psychologist, and Henry James, the psychologist-novelist, is surely worthy of serious and extended treatment. The most valuable part of Mr. Grattan's book lies in the first full-length portrait to be given us of Henry James, the father, the Swedenborgian, an extraordinary Libertarian,



HENRY JAMES, SR.

who sought to explain the true relationship between mankind and its creator, who spent his life attempting to express clearly a mysticism that was not at all clear, who took his children to Europe to give them a "sensuous education" that they might escape a generation which, as Henry Adams put it, "was . . . mortgaged to the railways." Henry James senior influenced his sons to a marked degree. But Mr. Grattan, in divorcing father and sons biographically, and allowing the reader to make comparisons for himself, defeats what should have been the most important function of the book. It was necessary to show us the three Jameses living together, talking together, travelling together. . . . It was surely important that Henry senior escorted his children to the homes of professors in Bonn and rushed them to the theatre the evening of their arrival to see Ristori play "Maria Stuart"! The book, dryly, eschews such material and follows its even—and often dull—course through three lives that were not in the least bit dull.

The father's path led towards Swedenborg; William's towards psychology, towards pragmatism, towards a healthy and clear-sighted Americanism; and Henry's led to Europe, to a complex world of refined and subtle values. He became a *déraciné*. His life was to be a long expatriation. But he went abroad, not as Mr. Matthew Josephson would have it, because he could not create in America. He went abroad because he *could* create in Europe.

The conscientious Jacobite will have many quarrels with Mr. Grattan. How can he concede that William James's rapid and spontaneous prose, his magical use of words, is "comparable in its quality to that of William Dean Howells"—Howells whose prose (his letters testify only too sadly to this fact) is pedestrian and uninspired? How can he concede that

WILLIAM JAMES.

Charles Eliot Norton was "obstetrician to the talent" of Henry any more than W. D. Howells, or E. L. Godkin, or the other luminaries of the period? And above all, no Jacobite will pass the glaring error about "Watch and Ward," that unpardonable error, without shaking his head dubiously and remarking that Mr. Grattan has apparently done his work without reference to the all-important LeRoy Phillips bibliography. Mr. Grattan informs us that in 1878 Henry James the novelist is in London writing a poor and amateurish work, "Watch and Ward." What a confused notion the author has of James's evolution as a novelist! That James in 1878 should be writing so awkward and carelessly constructed and juvenile a book seems incredible. And it is. James wrote it as a matter of fact before 1871. In that year it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Seven years later he brought it out as a book.

And what of Henry senior's mysticism—to refer only to one *lacune*—and William's exposure of psychic phenomena, and Henry junior's relish for the ghost story as the most delightful form of the fairy tale? Mr. Grattan does not venture upon this and other ground. Where he does succeed is in writing a penetrating analysis of some of Henry's most complicated novels; in summing up William's philosophy in a very effective, if superficial, manner; in digging up valuable material on the early history of the family.

Miss Robins's book is quite another matter. She is to be reproached not for what she gives, but for what she omits. The letters from Henry to herself, written at the time of the Ibsen movement in England, the Ibsen obsession one might

HENRY JAMES, JR.

say, are extremely important. Until recently very little was known about these years in which James abandoned the novel and, thoroughly stage-struck, haunted by the drama demon, tried to write plays. Hidden behind these beautiful letters is a very frantic and distracted artist; but Miss Robins's commentary does not reveal the man who wrote them. This is due, in a great measure, to the fact that she did not accompany her account of James with a modicum of research. Only the initiated can glean the full biographical values that lie between the hills and valleys of James's prose. And even to the initiated the letters bristle with unanswered questions, and Miss Robins alone could answer them. There are references to a Mrs. Vibert in the early letters; Miss Robins tells us she was a character in a play James was writing; what was more, James intended the part for her. But what play? There is not the slightest clue. Mrs. Vibert, as a matter of fact, will be found in the three-act "Tenants," which James published in that now rare volume, "Theatricals: First Series," in 1894. In the same way the chapters devoted to "Guy Domville" and "The American" presuppose a knowledge on the part of the readers which none of them possess. The author did not realize, perhaps, how obscure these "dramatic years" of James's are; how little Mr. Lubbock tells us about them in his excellent edition of the "Letters." One has a feeling that her task is but half done; and yet one is grateful for the material made available in this volume. It will be of considerable help to the scholar.

For it is, in spite of its omissions, a charming book. The pages consecrated to Ibsen—and James—and the Ibsen enthusiasm in England—and the Jamesian Ibsen enthusiasm, are illuminating. The letters themselves with their ponderous, but beautiful, sentences are splendid testimony of his fine epistolary style. Miss Robins has written of the Master with a reverence which should please the ever-increasing circle of Jacobites. Few of the present generation will relish, however, the war-time tones that linger in the last pages of the book.

Leon Edel is a professor at McGill University, Montreal, who recently took his doctorate at the Sorbonne with two important studies of William James.

Modernism

(*Continued from page* 233)

and strains of living. We have adopted this literary handling of a stream of consciousness as a new way of presenting character or telling a story, but in so doing have reversed the intention of the innovators, for they were attempting to express what they regarded as the chaos underlying life, while we use their device to make realism more articulate.

Some modernists, Joyce especially, have gone further. They have tried to wipe out the accepted meaning of words and (like Gertrude Stein) used them as sounds rich in suggestion. That is, they have used the word precisely as the sculptor uses his suggestive but unsignificant mass of marble. But the fallacy here is that words are not inert like the mass of stone or metal. They have already had significance given to them, and while this significance may be sharpened or slowly altered, it cannot be forgotten or denied. "Hog" cannot be used just for its sound, or "multitudinous" just for its rhythm.

And indeed this playing with words, which is what is usually meant by those who speak of modernism in literature and do not refer merely to new emphases on sex or the proletariat, is assuredly a new mixing of the *genres* which would be serious if the public took to it as readily as do the writers. Mr. Wilenski criticizes Rodin and even Epstein because they are, so he charges, painting with stone. These word jugglers may be more safely accused of trying to write music with words. When literature grows sculptural, or architectural, as it did in the eighteenth century, it becomes stiff and at last perfunctory. The word and phrase, as in eighteenth century pastorals, become stale items in a pattern which cannot be significant if the words mean nothing. If literature tries to ape music, as it does so often today (jazz music and the music of dissonances particularly), it becomes unintelligible, and, what is perhaps more serious, inarticulate, because no collocation of sounds, regarded as sounds only, can communicate literary imagination.

But after all, the most interesting modernism is experiment. And it is seldom that passionate experiment fails to yield a profit for culture. Our sense for meanings has been sharpened, our stock reactions to stock phrases shaken, our realization of the inadequacy of last year's style for the expression of this year's thought made more certain, by these so-called modernists. Even journalism has been powerfully affected. If they are trying, with their words, to make a bastard music, nevertheless they shock us into a realization that for lack of a fresh and accurate medium many a conservative has ceased to make his words into real literature.

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The Inner Compulsion

DIANA STAIR. By FLOYD DELL. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARLAN HATCHER

IT was just twelve years ago that "Moon Calf" created a mild sensation. In the following year (1921) came "The Briary Bush." Those books were full of the glow and rebellion of the young generation, and they were written by a young man who had personally fought for reform and got himself arrested for standing by his convictions in the teeth of a world gone cockeyed. Floyd Dell was acclaimed one of our major novelists.

The later books did not, in the opinion of many, support the acclaim. They were often sentimental and never very important. But in "Diana Stair" he has created a novel which lifts its shoulders far above the barren decade and reasserts the Floyd Dell of 1921. The years have made a difference, however, and raise a question: How do the brave efforts of one's youth to reform the world and establish truth, justice, and freedom seem to a man of forty-five, in a day when the world seems more than ever to need reform? That is the interest of this book, and when one cuts through the plot (interesting and complex) to the core, he comes upon this answer: It is stupid to wish to reform the world; "there is always something to go out and get shot for"; but upon certain mortals, like Diana Stair, there is laid an inner compulsion to fight for "the tiny spark of freedom and beauty now in the world."

With great zeal, often with the old fervor, Mr. Dell develops this theme through 250,000 words. Although the scene is the New England of a century ago, and there are background references to young Dr. Holmes's medical views, to the growth of the mill towns, and to the politics of the 1840's, we do not think of "Diana Stair" as an historical novel. It is as contemporary as 1932. By projecting the problems of our day into a dead past, Dell is able more clearly to isolate them and to exhibit the basic causes that lie behind temporary occasions for controversy. In the 1840's it was Negro slavery; now it is mechanical servitude of both whites and blacks; what did the abolition movement get us? The gallant battles of Diana and the factory girls and the abolitionists satisfied their need for protest against injustice, but they permanently dissolved no bondage. And Mr. Folger's speech to Diana justifying the ten percent wage cut for overworked factory girls already below subsistence has been made to the world so often that it is bitter over the tongue in 1932.

The serious purpose of the book is carried forward by a narrative that is well conducted and often dramatic. It is Diana's story, and she fills up the book with her passion for justice and freedom which are symbolized for us by her hookah (which she smokes), her Turkish pyjamas, and a nude portrait of herself, which come forward at appropriate intervals to give the necessary plot complications. Her quest for freedom and reform leads her from the abolition platform to a Boston boarding house. Then we follow her as school teacher, factory girl, free lover, strike leader, successful poet, wife of a Boston lawyer with connections, seasonal lion of literary Boston and London, and finally as a resident member of a socialist Brook Farm colony, where she is the turbulent center of a trial of zealous humanitarians who smuggled two slaves into freedom.

But none of these activities satisfies her, and disillusion is always hovering about her in the mouths of her friends. It is that note which makes the decade of difference in Floyd Dell's work.

Diana is the "modern" woman in a past setting. She wants freedom and naturalness, but there is no escape for her. In the end she sees that in this world even the cause of freedom spins a net to bind her, and that she cannot choose but conform to the image which her devotion to that cause has created. She must return to Boston, to her poetry, to her exceptionally tolerant and sympathetic husband who saved her from prison. She can only cry, "What a relief it would be to live in a world in which truth and justice and freedom were important, and it didn't matter at all to the outside world who slept with whom!"

There are many minor characters, all more vividly realized than the complex Diana. Floyd Dell is best in those sections which call for his social passion: sections two and five are as good as anything he has ever written. And although the book is long, it suffers less than many contemporary novels from the current cult of long-windedness.

The Winds of Chance

ILL WIND. By JAMES HILTON. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

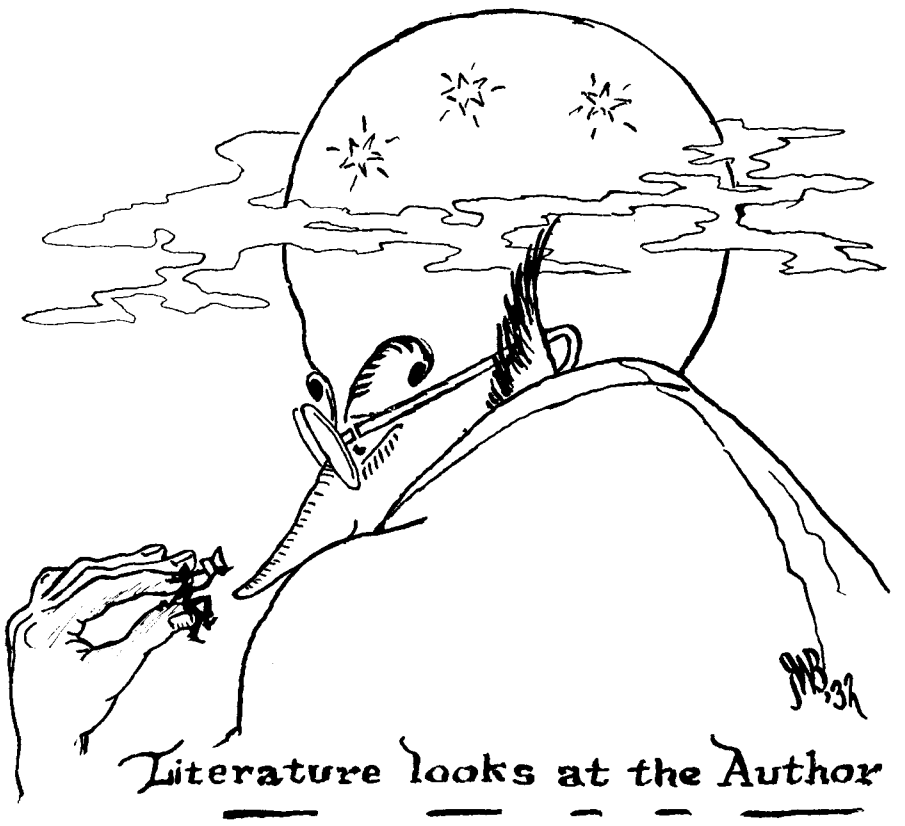
WE do not require philosophy of a novelist, or argue with such philosophy as he brings us; but if he tells us that Chance is the ruler of all things we may wonder if he can make a novel out of *that*. Mr. James Hilton proposes the theme that life is a web of chance, a maze of threads which binds us all together: that our most casual gestures, our most casual encounters, spread outwards long after we have forgotten them, and traverse all the dry land and echo in all the seven seas.

In Cuava, a distant island under British mandate, Mr. Gathergood the Agent is disgraced through no fault of his own and retires to Europe; in Switzerland a certain Mr. Stuart Brown is mistaken for this same Gathergood by a lady of socialist tendencies, who falls in love with him, pursues him too openly, and drives him back to London. If Mr. Brown had not thus left Switzerland before his holiday was up (or if the lady had not mistaken Mr. Brown for Gathergood; or if Gathergood had not been martyred for his justice to an alleged native murderer; or if a hat blowing into the Malayan sea had not precipitated that alleged murder), then Mr. Brown would not have met the handsome Mr. Nicholas Palescu on the Paris train, and Mr. Palescu would not have sold his little invention to Mr. Brown's associates in London. With the proceeds Mr. Palescu goes to America: drifts to Hollywood: becomes associated with Sylvia Seydel the star: and himself rises to stardom.

Bored with popularity, he takes a holiday in the South American interior, and is killed by an earthquake in Maramba. Mr. Leon Mirsky, Russian ex-aristocrat turned newspaper correspondent, discovers his body among the dead and hurries off into the forest to cable his "scoop" from San Cristobal, one hundred fearful miles away. Within three days the forest has driven Mirsky insane and a hideous Indian woman has taken him for her man. Thus onward: through a London drawing room and a Paris hotel to a shooting which nearly upsets the Geneva disarmament conference and brings Mr. Henry Elliott past-haste from northern England to straighten things out. And so at last that ill wind, which came out of a sordid murder in a sordid island on the fringes of empire and went moaning or laughing through half the inhabited globe, blows an elderly British diplomat to the goal of well-earned sleep. But it will always go on blowing, until the last trump proves that there was a purpose after all, or until the world goes up in an entirely casual explosion.

Now this denies even such elementary esthetic as all of us require from fiction. No single character stays in the book for more than three chapters; one by one these people appear from nowhere and disappear into nowhere; few of them are aware of the others' existence; nor is any purpose anywhere manifested. A Unity—hitherto unnamed and unrecognized—binds them all together; the unity of chance. This is a theme which, I suspect, one lyric could state with more right and more fidelity than all the novels under heaven; for it is not the novelist's job to go trailing one casual line through the blind pattern of life; it is not the novelists's right to suppose that the ill wind, which blows his characters in and out of the book like leaves, will somehow blow his novel into shape. If life is a maze of threads—and the most elementary speculation starts from that point—then the novelist must detach from it such threads as he pleases and reweave them into a closer design: this pattern within the pattern is his "imitation" of life, his esthetic justification. Mr. Hilton has none.

But there the critic in us will cease from troubling. If Mr. Hilton's theme is rudimentary to the point of insignificance, his handling of it is extremely pleasing. And in these days, when too many novels, prematurely bored, come yawning off the presses, we have to admit that if a book is entertaining it is doing pretty well all that we require of it. These nine short stories (and structurally "Ill Wind" is little more than that) will satisfy their readers, because they are the work of an honest writer, a man who knows his limitations and knows how to turn them to account. None of Mr. Hilton's many characters will weary, none will offend; his prose is quiet and effective; each situation, however slight its relationship to those that come before and after it, is thoroughly explored. Mr. Hilton will probably spend his whole career—and may it be a long one—confessing that he cannot write a novel in the grand manner; but he will always do the next best thing, he will always turn out a readable book. If the public wants genuine entertainment for its money, then "Ill Wind" deserves to be a best seller.



A CARTOON BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Aboard the Lugger

THE NARROW CORNER. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THROUGH the lives of three men in a lugger, sailing between the hot islands of the Malay Archipelago with motives extending from holiday to profit, to flight, W. Somerset Maugham in his new novel, "The Narrow Corner," loks upon the complex pattern of human evil and human good. What he finds in his tragic story is no sharp dualism but paradoxes that the despicable may be strong, the good weak, the wise cowardly, and that youth and beauty may be in themselves elements of destruction.

Essentially this new work is a novel of character, rich in figures of reality, which comes only belatedly into drama. The directly told story is of the arrival, like the arrival of evil in Eden, of these three men on the spice island of Kanda yet the tragedy of Kanda is no evil of the plotting serpent, but one which grows out of accident and youth and beauty and also out of the inability of the idealistic good man to withstand the disillusionment which comes at the sight of sin. The moral, if there is any moral, is that the only impregnable good is in the cynic.

The great virtue in this Maugham novel is not in its story of quick tropic love. That is in great degree conventional. Where Mr. Maugham excels is in drawing in the three men on the lugger the convincing characters of two men who compass his study of evil and of one who serves as spectator of their lives. Dr. Saunders, who looks at life for Mr. Maugham, is himself a fugitive, a temperate addict of opium though a skilled physician, but he has adjusted himself to life in the East and looks upon all human behavior with interest but with neither indignation nor surprise. On the lugger, sailing to save himself two weeks of dreary waiting for a steamer on an obscure island, he finds Captain Nichols, a stout sailor but a man of decayed teeth and putrid morality, and Fred Blake, well-born fugitive from a hangman's noose. Captain Nichols, whose life is plagued by implacable domestic infelicity and the dyspepsia, always prefers a course of crookedness, entirely profitless to him, to good. Blake has young and good instincts but his physical beauty and young folly are in themselves agencies of evil.

These characters, drawn with mastery, give the book its excellence. And they are presented against a convincing background of Eastern sea and islands which adds to the reality of their stories of their earlier lives beyond it. Particularly is this true of the island of Kanda and its town of marble palaces and stiff Dutch furniture fallen into somnolence with the decay of the spice trade. In his picture of Kanda the English author has created another of the splendid islands which enrich the literature of the East.

Mr. Maugham has not been so successful in his portrait of Louis Frith, whose swift giving of herself to Fred Blake capitulates the tragedy, as he has been in drawing his men, or in drawing the offstage portraits of Nichols's eternally ladylike wife or Fred Blake's first fatal mistress which they give in their own dialogue of the past. Erik Christessen, the poetic trader and idealist, who kills himself in the face of disillusion, is drawn with sympathy but not with the force of the characters of the men whose lives have touched evil.

Mr. Maugham brings a conventional tale to too pat an ending but his mastery as a creator of characters and especially the characters of men make his new work one of dignity and power and give to his old story a fresh worthiness and strength.

At the reecnt first performance of Gorky's new play, "Egor Bulichev and Others," in Moscow, says the *Manchester Guardian,* Stalin wished Gorky "many years of life and work, to the joy of all toilers and the terror of enemies of the working class," and Bernard Shaw called him the sole distinguished Russian classical author whose work is not hopelessly pessimistic.

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American Music

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S SONG BOOK. With illustrations by ALAJALOV. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by SIGMUND SPAETH

ONE of the questions occurring frequently in the fan mail of a musical broadcaster is "How does a pianist make a popular song sound better and more elaborate than it does when you play the simple sheet-music?" The answer to that question is given in "George Gershwin's Song Book," a handsome volume, containing eighteen of his lighter compositions, fascinatingly illustrated in colors by Alajalov.

The musical value of the book lies in the special arrangements of the songs, representing the way Gershwin himself plays them. These arrangements are added in each case to the simple version, as previously published, so that any amateur pianist can take his choice, according to individual ability or ambition.

A trifle awe-inspiring in their notation, but by no means unplayable, the special arrangements have as much of the Gershwinning style and personality as the songs themselves. They provide a veritable textbook of modern jazz in its highest form.

Outside of this amazing demonstration of the possibilities of popular music in expert hands, the chief novelty of the Gershwin volume lies in the pictures. The composer himself has written a modest introduction, to which a Mr. Kootz adds a rather lily-gilding tribute to Alajalov, and at the close there is a dated list of Gershwin's works, which speaks for itself.

The pictures are notable for their satirical qualities, quite as much as for their craftsmanship. Swanee, for instance, is illustrated by a scene at the North Pole, where ice-bound explorers listen to a negro singer. Nobody but You shows a Sultan surrounded by seventeen ladies of the harem, in various stages of nudity. Do It Again, Oh, Lady, Be Good, 'Swonderful, and Do, Do, Do all enjoy subtly cynical interpretations of their titles while Sweet and Low Down is pictorially represented by a gorgeous cross-section of Harlem night-life, which appears also on the jacket of the book. The final song, Who Cares? (from "Of Thee I sing") shows the composer himself in the act of being drawn by the artist.

Whether "George Gershwin's Song Book" is treated as a sophisticated addition to the mess on top of the family piano (if any), or as a colorful supplement to the week's burlesque magazines, it must be recognized as a significant reminder of its composer's place in modern music. Even though it ignores such "serious" works as the two rhapsodies, the piano concerto, and the "American in Paris," it leaves the honest music-lover with a feeling (by no means uncomfortable) that this man Gershwin is the most vital, the most individual, and the most interesting of all living composers, perhaps eventually to be recognized as heading America's own list for all time.

Gershwin's music is far more American than that of any of our composers who have dutifully imitated foreign models or even those who have built upon Indian or negro themes. It has its background of racial characteristics, syncopation, distortions of melody and harmony, the negro sense of rhythm combined with the Jewish sense of color and ornament. But it has imbued these fundamentals with something that represents the modern American city, something nonchalant and tolerant and easy-going in spite of its apparent hurry and stress and strain.

The modern American popular song, which exhibits, for the first time in history, an actual folk-music produced by highly civilized conditions, yet with all the underlying characteristics of primitive folk-music, has found its greatest prophet in George Gershwin. Besides his flashes of inspiration, the routine output of Tinpan Alley is dull and colorless. He has stimulated some excellent disciples by his example, but as yet no one has approached him in actual achievement.

The list of his compositions, tabulated by years, all the way back to 1916, indicates that Gershwin by no means hit the bull's-eye every time he fired, but his percentage of hits is remarkably high nevertheless. Swanee was his first big seller, in 1919, but it was not until 1922 that Eva Gautier, a concert singer, was able to startle the world of music by including a whole group of Gershwin songs in her program, with the composer at the piano.

That group included I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise, which remains one of Gershwin's most original tunes. "Lady, be Good," two years later, produced such gems as Fascinating Rhythm, Oh, Lady, be Good, and The Half of It, Dearie, Blues. "Tip Toes," in 1925, had That Certain Feeling, Sweet and Low Down, and Looking for a Boy. A year later "Oh, Kay" clicked with Clap Yo' Hands, Do, Do, Do, Maybe, and Someone to Watch Over Me.

George Gershwin is still a very young man, and there is no telling what he may accomplish in the future. But his "Song Book" proves that he has already gone a long way toward immortality in a field that will some day be recognized as America's most significant musical stamping-ground.

Sigmund Spaeth is a music critic and lecturer, author of "Gentlemen, Be Seated," "They Still Sing of Love," etc., and many highly popular songs.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

EARTH HORIZON. By MARY AUSTIN. *Houghton Mifflin.*
An autobiography of highly intersting character of a woman of remarkable personality.

THE SHADOW FLIES. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Harpers.*
A novel through the pages of which walk Robert Herrick and his associates.

A HALF DAY'S RIDE. By PADRAIC COLUM. *Macmillan.*
A collection of impressions and comment.

This Less Recent Book:

THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN. By ALAN PORTER. *Day.*
A volume of poems of fine calibre.

[*During Mr. Don Marquis's temporary absence, on account of illness, this space will be occupied by substitute hands.*—EDITOR.]

. . . Cleon Throckmorton, the stage designer, had an order from a group of players in Wilkes-Barre. They were putting on a performance of "Dear Brutus" and wanted a Bird Effect for the scene in the enchanted wood—a clockwork that whistles, chirps, and trills tweedledee like a treetop before breakfast in April, just outside the window where you are trying to get some sleep. Throck picked out a special Grade A Bird Effect, wound up the gears, packed it in a box, and started it off by express. In a few hours it was back. Something had jolted off the mechanism, and the truck-driver on Seventh Avenue was startled by profuse bursts of song which reminded him of his boyhood in Donegal. He brought back the package. "You can't ship live birds in an air-tight box like that," he complained. They had to open the thing to convince him. . . . It happened again on the cars. As the train went over some of that Alleghany roadbed once more the trigger jarred loose and the clockwork birds did whistling rufus like a Chautauqua troupe. The express man was horrified for fear some Federal Commission would get after him. They put the box out at the next depot and wired back to Throck to ask instructions about seed and water.

I was thinking, poetry is rather like that. You can pack it up neatly in print and try to ship it orderly to libraries and schoolrooms, but it may surprise you by crying song unexpectedly and embarrass the freight agent. . . . Edna Millay is a pretty good Bird Effect. . . .

Christopher Morley

A European Tells Europe

THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS latest book by the gifted author of "England the Unknown Isle" and "Time Stood Still" is a little like those double-decker, drug-store sandwiches that are so typical a product of the Americanism he deplores and fears. It consists of two visibly distinct layers, slapped one on top of the other, and bound together by a dressing so pervasive that it is difficult to tell, despite their different ingredients, into which layer one is biting. Not that the book is as sickish as the average sandwich of the kind; on the contrary, it is wholesome. But, even after sober reflection, the rather flippant comparison seems justified because of the nature of the volume's composition. The two parts read as though they had been written separately, for two different purposes, and then combined for publishing purposes; and, curiously enough, they read as though the first part had been written second. (I am not even guessing at the truth, but merely speaking of appearances.) Whatever the sequence of writing, there is an enormous amount of repetition that might have been profitably avoided. Indeed, I have seldom seen a worthwhile book that could have been more easily improved by intelligent editing.

In the first half of his book, Mr. Cohen-Portheim is concerned with the salvation of post-war Europe; in the second half he recalls entertainingly, and with obvious affection, various aspects of the Europe he knew before the suicidal cataclysm of 1914. What, he asks a score of times in a score of different ways, must Europe do to be saved? To which he replies, as many times and in as many ways, that Europe must rediscover Europe, Europeanism, the European spirit, the true European culture. This is the burden of his song, voiced over and over again with slight shifts of phrase and emphasis.

> I am certain that there is no hope for Europe outside Europe, nor do I think that there is much hope outside Europe for the rest of the world.

This is the gist of his argument; all the rest is trimming and elaboration. Europe is threatened on the one hand by the influence of America and on the other by that of Russia; and, different as these threats appear to be, they are really identical, for both capitalism and communism are dedicated to the ideal of mass production,—of quantity. But the true European ideal, the ideal to which Europe must return, is one of quality. It must learn to be the master, not the slave, of the machine. It must study its own past, rediscover the sources of its own strength, and effect a new renaissance similar to that which sprang centuries ago, from the rediscovery of the classic culture.

All of which is very well, and also very vague; for, as Mr. Cohen-Portheim uses them, the terms Europe, Europeanism, and European culture, are terms that are more easily conjured with than defined. It is difficult to discern, in history, the Europe to which his nostalgic longings lead. He says himself that it would be fatal for Europe to return to the ideals it cherished immediately before the war, for European culture was then already in a state of degeneration, and those ideals would lead to war again. Nor does his own personal memory, so delightfully called upon in the second portion of his volume, evoke a Europe that would be worth the pangs of a second birth. It is the Europe of a child, and a young man, born into a wealthy Jewish family of international ramifications and considerable importance, of a cosmopolitan at home in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London; of a romanticist who was fascinated by tales of the mad Hapsburgs, and charmed to discover that Albert, at the Abbaye, knew precisely where to seat the right people. It is the Europe of a sentimentalist who can find nothing better to say of the Viennese than that their charm consisted in their inability to face reality; of a sentimentalist and sensualist whose whole being dissolves amorously at the thought of exquisite women superbly gowned, priceless laces, flawless silver, rich jewels, brave carriages, great art collections, rare wines, and perfectly ordered dinners. In short, it is the Europe of a sentimentalist who cannot help regretting it because he knew it; and a Europe that other sentimentalists (confess who will) cannot help regretting because they were not privileged to know it.

But it is not a Europe that will return in our lifetime, or that of our children's children. Mr. Cohen-Portheim talks of a European renaissance to duplicate the one that is already written large in history, but the renaissance on which he pins his hope was more than a thousand years in the making; and every scrap of evidence that can be drawn from this book, despite disclaimers, shows that it is the immediate European past for which he yearns. He will be disappointed, and all sentimentalists with him. He talks of the machine, and the necessity of mastering it; but he knows nothing of it, and the future lies with those who think they know something about the machine. Meantime, some of us will suffer, and a few, perhaps, will be the victors in new triumphs. But, meantime also, those of us who know we have no chance of sharing in those triumphs, will find satisfaction in "The Discovery of Europe," because it is written by "a good European," an exceedingly intelligent man whose ideas are always stimulating, a man whose ideals we can understand even if they remain undefined, a man with whom we can agree temperamentally if not intellectually.

"Discussing with a well-known bookseller the sales of Walter Scott's novels nowadays," says a writer in the Manchester *Guardian*, "I was told that, except for the sales of sets of his books to people with new libraries or presentations, there is very little demand. 'Better than Disraeli, but nothing like Dickens and not nearly so good as Jane Austen,' was the state of the trade. The younger people were not buying him in odd volumes as they were buying Dickens and Trollope. There had been some talk of a new illustrated edition of Scott in line with the illustrated Thackerays and Austens and Gaskells, but it was never produced. The bookseller expected that, following the centenary speeches, there would be a revival of interest in Scott's works, but it had not begun yet.

"But there has been a steady growth of interest in Scott as a man and a new curiosity about his life. Lockhart's biography, masterpiece though it was, had done much to kill interest in Scott, but Scott's own "Journal," although somehow not yet very well known, was interesting a new public in his greatness as a man. When a cheap edition appeared it would become a household work."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XLII. DARK RIVER

MINNIE asked Jenny Hoerl to come and stay with her on Lexington Avenue; and though it may only have been due to the return of warm weather, she noticed at once that the spark seemed to have disappeared from the latch-key. Without anything being said, she quietly put her relation with Richard back to a business basis. Perhaps at first he was puzzled to miss the confidential glance of the eye, the touch of the hand, the hundred little graces by which a woman radiates her love.

But also there were matters more urgent than sentiment. The Detroit Convention of '29 was held at the very top of that roller-coaster graph which is now engraved in every business man's memory. Every week-end for three years the newspapers brought it down to date, and husbands spent Sunday mornings, while the family was at church, tobogganing those steep slopes of ink. They know by heart the various plunges of that line. The Wall Street Panic of '29, the Bank Failures of '30, the Gold Depletions of '31 and '32. The summer meeting in Detroit, held on the apparently endless plateau of prosperity, was intoxicated with a sort of laughing gas. But old Jake Hack grumbled certain warnings to Richard. He spoke mysteriously of freight-car loadings, motor-car production, and gossip overheard at lunch tables in the Detroit Athletic Club. Under the genial camouflage of Athletics men speak their minds with unusual frankness. "Things have been jacked up too high," he said. "If I were you I'd pull in my horns a bit."

I'm not going to retell the story of the famous Depression, said Hubbard. It didn't hit Richard Roe, Inc. as hard as some; partly thanks to Jake Hack's warning, and his support at critical moments, they were not too seriously extended. What hurt Richard most was having to shut down the factory from time to time, or to lay off some of the workers. Letters of threat or of anguished appeal used to come to him from the factory hands, but Minnie sidetracked them ruthlessly. There was nothing he could do.

But the business crisis came up on him at a bad time. He was tired, his energy was low. He was very silent about his private affairs. Minnie says that in a foolish way she almost welcomed the business trouble; it put their backs against a wall and gave them something to fight for. She tried to see to it that there was little time for brooding. He remarked once that he wished Lucy and Gladys had developed a little more Sales Resistance. He bought more chewing gum and fewer cigars.

⁂ ⁂

It had been the custom for many years for the Erskine Sales Department to have a little celebration on Christmas Eve. Miss Mac always rigged up a toy Christmas tree on her desk; Sam Erskine provided materials for punch; the Boys, a few specially favored stenographers, and some alumni or old friends from the Trade, would gather in the Sample Room after most of the office had quit. They gave each other small humorous presents, sometimes of a rather scandalous nature. Christmas, the anthropologists tell us, was originally a festival of very pagan flavor; some of its primitive gusto reappeared in these little gatherings. That last year Gene Vogelsang discovered a peculiar book-and-curio shop on Sixth Avenue where he found astonishing oddities to startle his friends. Many of these were of pathological import: indelicatessen, he called them. It has always been noted that the book business, tilted just the least little bit on edge, slides into impudicity. Going over the presents with Gene, Miss Mac observed that he had allotted one to Richard which was rather too likely to hurt his feelings.

"I don't think I'd give him that," she said. "He's pretty sensitive."

"I guess you're right," Gene agreed. "Here, we'll give it to Sam. Let's give Dick the bottle of red ink instead; there's plenty of that going around this Christmas."

Richard turned up at the party. He was in good spirits; admitted that the red ink would be useful. He and Miss Mac drank a private health together.

"What would you like best to find in your stocking?" she asked.

"Fifty thousand dollars," he said. "That would keep the factory going until spring."

⁂ ⁂

It was a clear January night with stinging northwest wind. No night indeed for middle-aged Peke to be abroad; the gusts were strong enough to swing him like a pendulum at the end of his leash, but Richard had taken him out by force of habit. He unharnessed him and tucked him inside his overcoat lapels. He walked swiftly, invigorated by the push of cold air. In the gutter outside an Amsterdam Avenue grocery lay a discarded Christmas tree with shreds of tinsel fluttering. Farther down the street he heard the crash of a shop window caved in by the gale. The corner of Broadway and 79th was deserted, where on milder nights he had listened to so much political harangue and al-fresco salesmanship. The wide pavements were clean and almost empty. He paused a moment to glance in at the window of the lunchroom where he had taken many evening cups of coffee. At once he was accosted—as always that winter outside lunchroom windows. "Buddy, will you help me to a plate of soup?" He gave the man a dollar. Anger at home always means kindness on the street.

Peke muttered with annoyance, he was not accustomed to the joggle of fast walking. But Richard had a craving for open space. He went down the steep hill on 79th Street—the hill where he had once seen the Chihuahua dog. All the way down, across Riverside, over the railroad tracks and out onto the pier. The black sparkle of the river was streaked with froth. Along the New Jersey shore the lights were brilliant. He stood there so long facing the wind that Peke began to whine and scratch inside the coat. So may the Spartan boy have stood with the fox in his bosom.

His old companion The Pain was there too. There's no future, no future at all, it was saying. Except your Triumph, the Triumph you've sometimes thought about. Didn't the Metropolitan chimes suggest anything to you when you heard them this afternoon? The business would get on just as well—as a matter of fact, the factory would run until spring on that; and things may be better by then? The annuity will take care of Lucy and Gladys.

He remembered when Gladys was a child, practising on the piano: the pause while he waited anxiously for her to find the chord needed to resolve the harmony, close the tune. Sometimes she fumbled on the wrong notes by mistake, but at last came the comfortable sound, closing that hole in the mind. Was this new and friendly, almost peaceful despair, the chord his tune required? For there was no other answer, no success, no satisfaction. When had he ever done anything entirely on his own impulse? Always he had been owned, mastered, cajoled or managed by someone. He had loved Lucille, he had loved Minnie, now he had neither of them.

"And I've had a swell time," he said to himself. "A grand swell time." The lights across the river reminded him of the old romantic visits to Hoboken; the antique cannon on the bluff at Stevens Castle. "I must go over and see if it's still there." He thought of the Iron Ration in the office cupboard. "I've been meaning to get rid of that stuff for a long time. It would look idiotic to have it found there if anything happened to me.—I'll take it over and leave it on the cannon. Somebody will find it and get a great kick out of it."

Peke's indignation could not be ignored any longer. Richard turned from the dark river, the wind at his back hurried him up the hill, toward those tall cliffs of light, palisades of deficit. Out of breath, blood pounding heavily, he felt better. "That's a lot of nonsense you've been thinking," he said to himself. "You don't solve things by running away from them." There was a queer tightness in his head. It was late, he let himself into the apartment as softly as possible, and took a glass of milk. He was warming some for Peke in a saucepan when Lucille came in, wearing a blue kimona. "You oughtn't to take Peke out on a night like this. You know how sensitive he is to colds."

Richard did something very unusual. He stared at her a moment, and then laughed; really laughed, until something kinked in his ribs and he sat down on a kitchen chair with a catch of breath. Lucille and Peke were both offended and left the room. He sat some time in thought, then remembered that lights and laughter in the kitchen would annoy the Swede, whose bedroom was adjoining. He hung up the dog's jacket and leash.

Lucille was in bed as he went by her room. By the light outside he could see her head on the pillow. The window panes drummed faintly in the wind; even doormen in white gloves could not altogether keep out the great forces of the world. The pathos of her soft clothes, tossed over a chair, moved him. He leaned over and kissed her.

"Good-night, dear. I didn't mean to be rude."

He would have liked to kiss Gladys good-night also, just as he used to when she was small, but her door was shut. He remembered the marvellous softness of her cheek.

⁂ ⁂

He left the office about dinner time the next evening; all the others had gone. His desk was clean. When he boarded the ferry the early rush was over; there were few passengers on the upper deck. He had bought some chewing gum while waiting for the boat; it might be helpful if he found himself thinking too hard. But the marvellous River was too beautiful for anxiety. All the blaze and argument of the town was only a shimmer on the surface of the deep stream which moved to its own laws of wind and tide. A great liner came up, sliding softly as if in the very last momentum of some enormous push from far away. She was tall and proud, easy with accomplishment. Her black side was perforated with lights, like dotted lines waiting for signature. Once he had dreamed that some day he and Lucy might see those distant countries. Was life there perplexing also? Standing beside the rail he could see the square tower of the Castle against clear darkness, and the name LACKAWANNA in red letters over the pier—a strange-looking word when you looked at it intently. It would be fun to leave the Iron Ration on the gold cannon. Perhaps better take a taxi up there, quite a walk from the ferry, uphill; afterward he could go to Meyer's, sit every quietly for a few minutes. He would telephone——

It was not unlike the sudden burst of a telephone bell inside his head. The Pain, which had been waiting its moment, pierced in between two thoughts; found them easy (thoughts are soft); hesitated half a breath; decided that was the spot, went home in one dazzling stroke. As he crumpled to the deck no one noticed the brown paper parcel slip over the side.

(To be concluded)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The First Folio of Shakespeare's plays, which has been preserved in the University Library at Padua, has been examined by Professor Gian Orsini, of Florence University, who considers that it is a contemporary "prompt copy," severely cut for stage representation. It is not known how the manuscript first reached Padua.

Making of an American

IT REALLY HAPPENED. By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL. New York: Dial Press. 1932. $3.

THE pattern of Princess Radziwill's story differs from the usual Russian émigré's experience because she was already in the United States—on a war-propaganda mission—when the Bolshevik revolution came.

Lucky, you will say; and so she was, as things turned out in the long run, but not in just the way one might at first think. Instead of being one of a horde of uprooted compatriots, dodging arrest, slipping across frontiers, throwing themselves on western Europe like shipwrecked sailors on the beach, she was a penniless, middle-aged woman, alone in a great city, and forced to go out and capture, somehow or other, the means for the next meal and a roof over her head. Peace and plenty were all around her, to be sure; and also the indifference, and worse, of a society to which she was an outsider, which had escaped, thus far, the chastening which war and revolution had brought to most of Europe. It was a lonely, heartbreaking prospect.

The more significant part of Princess Radziwill's narrative, therefore, is that which describes her fight for a footing in the strange land in which she found herself. Found herself, indeed, in a double sense, for apparently she really succeeded in striking root, and became, not only a citizen, but one who looks on America as her real home.

There is a touch—her Polish inheritance, perhaps—of ingenuous melodrama in Princess Radziwill's point of view and way of putting things. She dreams of the "beauty of my silver dress and the glory of my diamonds" as she recalls that ball in the Kremlin on the night of the Czar's coronation, when she looked down from a palace balcony on Moscow's lights, with a strange, vague premonition that "could not last." It is quite in characte the reader fancies, that when her worl collapsed about her, she should presentl find herself in a Bowery lodging-house, and that Grace, the girl who befriended her in that dismal place, should have been a prostitute.

If this were merely a moralistic essay, one might perhaps be the least bit snippy about this tendency to make the black blacker, the white whiter, to over-simplify existence. It isn't, however, a moralistic essay, but the story of a brave fight for survival on the part of a flesh-and-blood woman, no longer young, who has learned, in the most literal sense, what earning one's bread means. Princess Radziwill was not able to exploit her gilded past as easily as have some of the other titled Russians. She was past the age for romance. She went through the mill in the most literal sense of the word.

She ran a telephone switchboard under the giggles and whispers of office flappers who couldn't figure it out why a woman of her age "couldn't get anything better than *that*." She met American "royalty" in the shape of the visiting head of the firm, before whom, as he reclined in an inner office, the minor executives and clerks paraded precisely as the Russian lady remembered doing before her Sovereign on drawing-room days in the Winter Palace in Petersburg. She peddled bonds, fought her way slowly through the petty jealousies of a large business office, finally, as a free lance writer, found fairly solid ground.

The first part of Princess Radziwill's story—the fairy tale part, so to say, for those gorgeous pre-war Court balls in Petersburg and the feudal spaciousness of existence at the country seat of the Rzewuskis belong, for all practical purposes, nowadays, to wonderland—recalls the earlier chapters of other émigré memoirs. But the second part, this "making of an American," in quite the old-fashioned romantic sense of the phrase, the sense in which Jacob Riis, for example, used it a generation or so ago, is as novel as it is encouraging. This brave Russian lady found something here which she thinks she couldn't have found elsewhere, whether the melting-pot is still working or not.

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A DIVERSITY OF MATTERS

A Valuable Manual

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION: THE FIRST DECADE. Preface by ALBERT THOMAS. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY P. FAIRCHILD

IT would probably be difficult to find anywhere in the world a memorial tablet that contains more of bitter—though, of course, unintentional—irony than that in front of the Secretariat of the League of Nations in Geneva:

A La Memoire de
WOODROW WILSON
Président des États-Unis
Fondateur de la Société des Nations

Scarcely less ironical, though much less bitter, is the fact that the International Labor Organization was virtually brought into being in Washington, D. C., the capital of one of the two great countries of the world—the other being Russia—which do not belong to it, and do not adhere to the League of Nations. Certain preliminary steps had been taken, such as the international labor conference in Berlin in 1890, the foundation in Paris in 1900 of the International Association for the Legal Protection of Workers, and the conference in Berne in 1905 and 1913. Following the war, the Peace Conference, early in 1919, set up a Commission for International Labor Legislation, which, after two months of work under the chairmanship of an American, Samuel Gompers, presented a Draft Convention which was immediately approved by the Peace Conference. But it was at the First Session of the International Labor Conference in Washington in October, 1919, that definite substance and reality were given to the first official international labor body.

The great majority of Americans think of the League of Nations as an organization existing almost exclusively for the promotion of international peace and the prevention of war. They judge its success, power, and probable permanency by its conduct and apparent influence in such situations as the recent Chinese-Japanese crisis. If it does not produce immediate and decisive results they talk of its collapse and predict its early dissolution—and it is noteworthy that those who have from the beginning denied the possibility of its effectiveness are the very ones who seem to express the greatest surprise that it does not meet such situations with conclusive authority and unanimity.

Very few Americans have the least idea of the vast amount of work that the League is constantly doing in fields of international interest only remotely connected with war or military diplomacy, and the notable results that have already been achieved. Even those who are quite familiar with the existence of an International Labor Organization have only the vaguest and most limited idea of its scope, aims, and actual accomplishments. For all such even an hour spent with this book would be an eye-opener. It would give them a new vision of the reality of international coöperation, and would help them to see how fantastic the suggestion of the dissolution of the League appears to any one personally familiar with affairs in Geneva.

As M. Thomas says in his preface, "This book is the work of certain officials of the International Labor Office who prefer to remain anonymous." It bears the stamp of the administrative outlook. It is much concerned with details of organization, with minute steps in the historical development, and with administrative adjustments and adaptations. These features make it an invaluable reference and source book.

But at the same time there is a clear picture of a broad upward sweep in international consolidation, of an ever widening sphere of influence, a steadily solidifying participation and support, and a constant accumulation of tangible results.

It is difficult to form a precise concept of the relation between the League of Nations and the International Labor Organization, perhaps because the relationship itself is not rigidly exact. Both are creations of the Peace Treaty, and the membership is closely, though not absolutely, identical. At any rate, they function in complementary harmony. The International Labor Organization at present comprises fifty-five states. Structurally it consists of two parts, a General Conference of representatives of the Members, and an International Labor Office controlled by a Governing Body. The Conference includes representatives of employers, workers, and governments. The Labor Office is not representative, but administrative, though the 399 officials on its staff belong to thirty-five nations. Its function is to make studies, collect facts, and supply information to the Conference.

The central purpose of the Organization is to establish among the nations of the world uniform standards of labor conditions, and of the protection and remuneration of the worker. Its practical conclusions are formulated by the Conference, and may take the form of Draft Conventions or of Recommendations. The former, when ratified by the respective states, become international labor legislation. Up to date there have been thirty such Conventions adopted, with a total of 408 ratifications, or an average of nearly fifteen ratifications per Convention.

Thus the Labor Organization gives impressive evidence of the fact that the world is rapidly becoming an economic unit, and recognition of the necessity of extending the principle of a minimum base of competition, long recognized in advanced industrial nations individually, to the entire group for the protection of each. The effect of its work upon the conventional arguments for protective tariffs, and upon some of the causes of migration and war, as well as upon the direct objectives of welfare and standards of living, will obviously be profound and far reaching.

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Overshooting the Mark

HERBERT HOOVER AND AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM. By WALTER FRIAR DEXTER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IF this book by the President of Whittier College comes to Mr. Hoover's attention, he will probably pray to be delivered from his friends. When Dr. Dexter announces on the first page that his hero "favors without equivocation or compromise the doctrine of American individualism," without adding that circumstances have compelled him to take the country half way to state socialism, it is evident that this is to be a book which deals only with words, and regards deeds as of no bearing on a man's philosophy. That promise is fulfilled. We have lengthy quotations from the cloudier passages of Mr. Hoover's writings, but very little about his doings, and no intimation that deeds and words are ever in conflict.

Dr. Dexter complains that "we have fallen into the habit of holding the president of our country responsible for acts, events, or results for which he is in no way to blame"; nothing that he says would permit you to guess that Mr. Hoover's campaign speeches of 1928 helped to fortify that habit. Mr. Hoover's spirit of religious tolerance has been expressed in words that "fire the imagination and challenge the unqualified support of men who cherish religious liberty"; the unqualified support of Bishop Cannon and Mabel Wilebrandt is not mentioned. "That the government must not go into business is with him a matter of compelling significance"; not a word about the half billion invested in the Federal Farm Board. The unemployed have been left to "extra-constitutional assistance" because it would have "destroyed their initiative" to receive help from the government; a man who lives on the extra-constitutional charity of the neighbors evidently preserves his initiative unimpaired.

To represent the President as the greatest of all possible executives is permissible to friendship; but Dr. Dexter also seems to think that we live in pretty nearly the best of all possible worlds. The Kellogg Peace Pact is "the greatest agreement ever conceived in the thought of man." The slogans of Rotary and Kiwanis are "equal in importance for this day to the Ten Commandments in early Hebrew history." Graduates of colleges of business administration (apparently without exception) "not only pay wages sufficiently high to guarantee a respectable living for the worker and his family" (what did the worker ever do to deserve such liberality?), "but they even share profits"; and "their highest objective aside from serving the community is that of creating an environment in which the workers can find daily satisfaction in their work." The author does seem dimly aware that lately times have been not so good as they might have been, but this only gave Mr. Hoover the opportunity of "protecting the inalienable right of every individual citizen of America by refusing to be moved by the compelling challenges of a temporary crisis."

Dr. Dexter, in short, has managed to represent Mr. Hoover as much worse than he is. Whatever you think of his policies or his capacity, at least he is in there trying, doing the best he can to meet very tough problems; the figure here recreated is the smug Hoover of 1928 who knew the answer to everything. A book written in the jargon of professors of education will probably not be widely read; but in so far as it is read and taken seriously it can only promote that detachment of words from reality, that conviction that a thing said is a thing done, which is one of the most pernicious aspects of American public life. It may be mentioned that though Mr. Hoover's various positions on constitutional prohibition might be supposed to have some bearing on the philosophy of individualism, Dr. Dexter says not a word about that topic.

For High School Age

By MARGARET SOIFER

WHEN in high school the teacher dissects Shakespeare and Wordsworth into examples of onomatopœia, alliteration, and masculine and feminine rhymes, poetry becomes a grotesque anomaly to be giggled at. The language of poetry seems artificial; the thought, usually too abstract or euphemistic. But a volume of poetry or two on the table of the home may help our youth accept poems as a natural expression of beauty. We suggest that these books on the table be anthologies of modern verse: modern, because modern verse is often about familiar things, written in the idiom of our time; and anthologies, preferably, because the boys and girls can more easily find some poetry to their individual taste when they have a choice of poets. Of anthologies we recommend the following standard volumes:

"MODERN AMERICAN POETRY." By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.)

"MODERN BRITISH POETRY." By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.)

These companion volumes from a comprehensive collection of the best work of our most distinguished poets. The biographical and critical notes introducing each poet are helpful.

"THE NEW POETRY: AN ANTHOLOGY." By HARRIET MONROE and ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON. (Macmillan, $2.50.)

This is a fine book for readers interested in the free verse movement, and also for those who like good poetry.

"THE LITTLE BOOKS OF MODERN VERSE." By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE. (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75.)

There are about half a dozen of these, containing charming examples of the shorter poems of our time.

"MODERN AMERICAN POETS." Selected by CONRAD AIKEN. (The Modern Library, 95 cents.)

This does not claim to be an inclusive selection, but it does contain "Renascence" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and representative work of Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

"LYRIC AMERICA—An Anthology, 1630-1930." By ALFRED KREYMBORG. (Coward-McCann, $5.00.)

This is a companion volume to "OUR SINGING STRENGTH," a history of American poetry by Mr. Kreymborg, put out by the same publishers at the same price.

"THE WINGED HORSE ANTHOLOGY." Compiled by JOSEPH AUSLANDER and FRANK ERNEST HILL. (Doubleday, Doran, 1930, $3.50.)

The companion volume to this collection is "THE WINGED HORSE," a history of poetry from its ancient origin to its most recent developments. It is non-technical and easy reading.

"TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY." By JOHN DRINKWATER, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, and HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00. A cheaper text-book edition.)

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

CHIEFLY ON LANGSTON HUGHES

THERE is a great deal of verse now before me in various volumes, nor is it all negligible. But none of it arouses my enthusiasm. The size of the output of verse in these United States is truly extraordinary, and the level of the writing higher than one would suppose. At the same time, there is a great deal of wasted effort. This is due principally to the fact that it is fairly easy to write a set of verses eccentrically or on some trivial subject, and extremely hard to write *poetry* in any way unusual. Four books from among those before me promise something. First there is a book of poems for young people by the negro poet, Langston Hughes, entitled *The Dream Keeper* (Knopf). This volume, with excellent illustrations by Helen Sewell, is presented with the usual good taste in evidence in Knopf books. It is aimed at children from twelve to sixteen. There is a word by way of introduction from Effie L. Power, Director of Work with Children at the Cleveland Public Library. Hughes wrote his first verses as a pupil in the Central High School of Cleveland. It is not till the third section of the book, "Dressed Up" (with a note on the Blues), that one encounters the best work of this poet, though several wistful fragments may delay us on the way. The last sentence of the poet's "Note" is a pregnant one: "The mood of the Blues is almost always despondency, but when they are sung people laugh." In this section Hughes's well-known "The Weary Blues" is included, one of his best things. "Song," "When Sue Wears Red," and "Song for a Banjo Dance," are meritorious. In the next section, "Feet o' Jesus" and "Judgment Day" contain the essence of the spirituals. Following this section, "Walkers with the Dawn" contains the tribute to Booker Washington, "Alabama Earth"; the fine, simple "My People"; "Dream Variations"; the praised "The Negro Speaks of Rivers"; and "I, Too," and "Youth," which are of Hughes's best. Langston Hughes is not a first-rate poet, even among those of his own race, but he is distinctly an appealing one, a melodist who touches with sensitiveness the stops of his black flute.

YOUNG POETS

Bright Harbor is the first book of a young poet who has had some attention recently. His name is Daniel Whitehead Hicky and he is a descendant of the Whitehead who was once a poet-laureate of England. His book is published by Henry Holt & Company. He has contributed poetry to twenty-odd magazines. No one who reads "Snowstorm," "Machines," and "The Hunters" can doubt that Mr. Hicky "has the gift." His is an ear for subtle music, a grace in spontaneity of expression, a desire for the exactly descriptive word. But he has yet to achieve great originality of phrase, to throw off certain stereotyped poetic attitudes, more successfully to eschew sentimentality, to beware of the repetitive use of "lavender" as a color, to avoid the merely pretty. There are, however, distinct hints that his second book may have a fibre and a furnishing of contour and color that will more commend it to me. With his present promise, Mr. Hicky should devote himself to the chisel and the burnisher. He should begin to carve in rock and shape in bronze.

Walter Lowenfels has published an *Elegy in the Manner of a Requiem in memory of D. H. Lawrence,* published by Carrefour in Paris whose office in New York is at 475 Fifth Avenue. This poet has in preparation, we see, "No More Poems," and "Reality Prime." Perhaps, I say it wistfully, the former title may be a promise. The parchment binding of the "Elegy" is badly warped and that also is the condition of the verse within. The influence of T. S. Eliot has given Mr. Lowenfels the blind staggers. To speak right out in meeting, this type of thing is worth very little.

A DANCER—AND A REAL MYSTIC

Then here we have—and actually from Houghton Mifflin!—*Lotus Light,* poems by Ruth St. Denis with "Design Interpretations by Ruth Harwood." As a poet, Ruth St. Denis is a marvellous dancer; and as a design-interpreter (of all phony words for "illustrator"!) Ruth Harwood is Madam Blavatsky. The "Lamp of Perfect Life" and "Love's Mystic Being," and that sort of thing are all here; "cataclysmic powers" and "ascendant beauty," and the old-time Turkish corner with all kinds of adornments from Vantine's. It is all perishingly mystic!

Those who can afford particularly tasteful books should look at the new *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* by William Blake, reproduced in facsimile from an original copy (and in color), with a Note by J. Middleton Murry, put forth by J. M. Dent in England and Canada, and by E. P. Dutton here. Of course Middleton Murry always seeks to identify himself with the great seers. He trots around the towering mystics of the past and scampers after whoever he conceives to be a large and significant contemporary spirit. Then he declaims as interpreter. Murry's stock is not very high at present. But it is not for Murry you should buy the book, strangely enough, but for Blake! Even in facsimile Blake's colored drawings, and his composition of page after page, are things of true beauty. Alfred A. Knopf has made *Lovely Laughter,* an anthology of Seventeenth Century Love Lyrics, edited by Earl E. Fisk and decorated by Vera Willoughby, into a luscious book. The lyrics naturally range from Herrick to Aphra Behn, none of them very naughty, most of them crisply artificial. People are always making such collections as this. But that the collection gave scope to the pen and brush of Miss Willoughby is food for thanksgiving. Christopher Morley first introduced me to her work. It is most engaging.

GREEN CHAOS

It is sometime since Richard Thoma sent me his small book of poems, *Green Chaos,* from Paris (The New Review Edition), and I should have got around to commenting upon the volume before this. Aldous Huxley, Stuart Gilbert, and Ezra Pound have evinced interest in his work. Mr. Thoma writes in my copy "because of music," which is very nice of him, but it is difficult for me to perceive it in his work. I open to "Afric Blues" *for Ezra Pound,* and hearken:

The bulbuls bill and bask in blueblue baobabs.
The numb drums sob and hum like thick dumdums.
And I play on my little banjo where Old Black Joe strums,
Hypnotizing the sacredgreen scarabs.

There is no use my saying I think anything at all of that sort of thing, when I simply don't. I think it is a pity. Whatever onomatopoetic intent there may be is childishly crude in expression. And this is not even good nonsense verse. The rest of the poem explores "vaginal mysteries" and declares that "adolescent virgins are best." That is a matter of opinion. What poppycock! What posturing! As, in "Poem for Lilian," "curled andante of the hissing silver breasts!" One could cheaply have a lot of fun with such writing. But it is not worth criticizing. Mr. Thoma in his letter seems to be a pleasant and a frank individual, and my opinion is, of course, merely my own opinion. But what I wish to say is this. May I not draw an analogy from acting . . . "the mirror, as 'twere, up to nature." Let me borrow from a member of the acting profession an anecdote about George M. Cohan directing, when he gently asked a prominent actor at rehearsal what he thought he was doing. "Why," cried the other rather affronted, "I'm acting!" "Don't," said Cohan. Is it necessary to labor the point and say that the best acting is that which seems an effortless and natural holding up of the mirror? Is it necessary to say that the best poetry is that which does not obtrude its mechanics? "—and nothing," says Mr. Thoma "rhymes with smaragds but smaragds

I love you
with something green and blue."

Earlier he announces in this "Poem for R.," "and if you don't like it, you know what you can do—." What one *can* do is to leave it alone. There is no health in it. These poems are simply eccentric exercises. In other characteristics of his poems I seem to find that Mr. Thoma could do about one hundred percent better—he has, for one thing, vocabulary. But will he have done with mere playing wit' blocks? His work so far is only a cur: osity; and I'm sure he doesn't wish to er in a museum.

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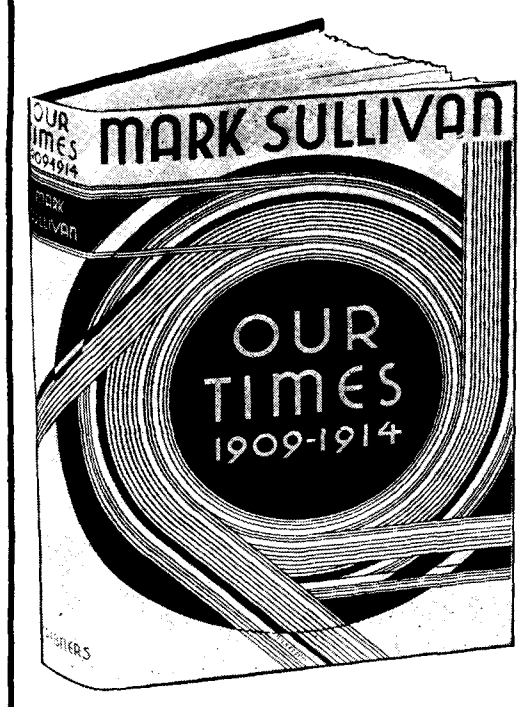

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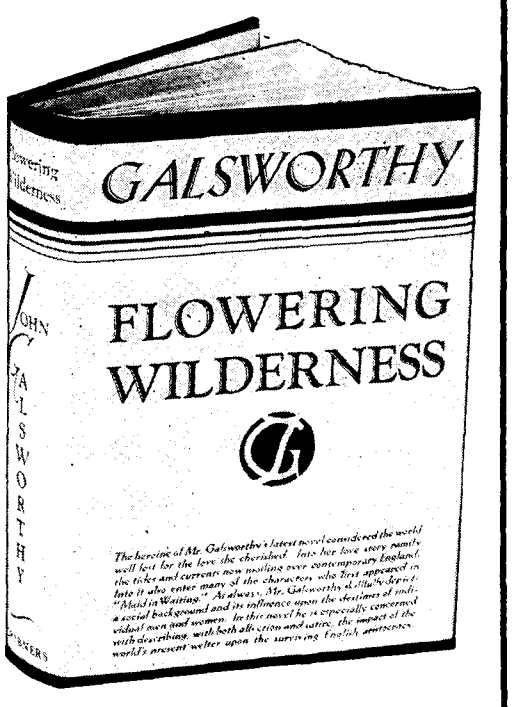

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A RENEWAL

The only thing more heartening than a new subscription is the renewal of an old one. These days when a man asks for more of the same it must be good. Here is an excerpt from a letter we received the other day:

"When from the front windows of my mind I can see nothing but the backyard of the world, a fresh number of the Review *substitutes a glimpse of the ocean, always and never the same.*

I enclose $3.50—I don't want to lose one of my best friends this year."

The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street
New York, N. Y.

Points of View

Wrong Statements

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Your review of "More Merry-Go-Round" is very interesting and so is the book. I think it important not to forget, when reading a book like this, that no author or group of authors could possibly know as much as these authors pretend to know, and state facts accurately. If their facts are not accurate, the importance of their deductions is somewhat lessened. I do not know much about Washington and am in no position to dispute most of what is said in this book, but I find it interesting to note that in three instances of which I have personal knowledge, the facts in the book are wrong.

John Garibaldi Sargent, former attorney general, is spoken of as a "nonentity," and it is said that he came from New Hampshire. He did not come from New Hampshire, but from Vermont; as to his being a "nonentity," that is, of course, a matter of opinion.

I quote from page 366—

> For uncounted years the marble and railroad capitalists have run Vermont's politics. In 1931 they lost one of their Washington Senators, Frank L. Greene, who died of a bullet wound from the gun of a wild-shooting prohibition agent.

Senator Greene was a newspaper man; his newspaper was owned by people who had railroad interests, but he was in no sense a tool of any interests; the fact is that while he was shot in Washington by accident, and never fully recovered his speech, he did not die of the bullet wound, but lived for years and died from an entirely different cause. And he did not die in 1931.

On page 338, speaking of Senator Moses, I read:

> When he came to the Senate, Moses sold his two newspapers but kept his interest in the famous "Rumford Press." This may explain why Moses has been the Senate's most effective advocate of low mailing charges for newspapers.

I do not know what is meant by "the famous 'Rumford Press.'" However, the Rumford Press does not print or publish any newspapers, and the inference is absolutely unjust. Low postage for magazines might affect the business of the Rumford Press, but this organization has no ownership or interest in newspapers.

These slight errors of fact are of no importance except as they indicate the fallibility of the authors. It is unfortunate that many people read books of this type and believe every word, saying to themselves, "If it were not true, they wouldn't dare to print it." Much of it is very far from the truth and should be taken with a grain of salt, if not two grains.

E. H. CRANE.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Reading Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In his article on What the Governor Reads, Mr. Van Loon makes a remark that cannot pass unchallenged. He says:

> Truth, however, bids me confess that I have rarely met either a man or woman who had passed through a great physical ordeal who was able to derive any pleasure from pure fiction. They had faced reality and they had faced reality with such a vengeance that imaginary tales were bound to sound stale to them no matter how cleverly conceived.

Any great piece of writing presupposes a great author. A biographer or historian cannot do justice to a great subject unless he has a mind big enough to appreciate it. All artistic creations are necessarily constructed upon the experience of the artist and biography and history are no less artistic creations according to present standards than fiction and poetry. To confine one's reading to biography and history with the idea that one is getting the cream of human experience betrays a narrow vision. Many of the greatest minds have been more intimately revealed through their own imaginative creations than through any objective survey of their activity. Consider the parables of Christ; consider Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. Take imaginative creation from literature and you close the field of highest aspiration to the greatest authors. Take imaginative creation from literature and by the same theory you take all art from the world except the art of reproductive copy, the art of the camera which *is not art but artifice.*

In fiction we find many worth while biographies and autobiographies which would never have been written as such. Fiction has told the biography of the people, has inspired the most intimate confessions of the human soul. The present flux of fictional writing imposes the necessity of careful selection upon the reader. But just as careful selection must be made in the reading of biography and history in which there is a vast amount of idle pot-boiling being done. Each type of writing reflects the author, is subject to his interpretation and filed by his judgment. In reference to the interrelation of fact and fiction in modern writing note Garrett Mattingly's review of "Royal Flush," in the same issue:

> . . . a volume which though modestly appearing as fiction has as good claim to be called biography as most of the works so denominated on the new book counters.

In reference to autobiography in fiction, note R. N. Linscott's review of "The Past *Recaptured:*

> The artist is a mirror reflecting the world as he sees it, and Proust's world is tortured, complex, and neurotic in the same measure as its creator . . . Proust's greatness lies in his ability to define the relations of people to people and people to things more subtly, more exactly than any other writer.

What finer thing can a person do than to contribute to the understanding of human problems from the profundity of his own thought? And who is so wise that he can afford to ignore any great source of wisdom?

CAMILLE KEMPLE.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Chaucer's Accents

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Mr. Tatlock's letter regarding Chaucer's accents is most interesting. Perhaps Chaucer sang in waltz time. Sing:

Father, dear father, come home with me now

Casey would waltz with his strawberry blonde.

Attune your senses to the sensuous rhythm. Then read Chaucer.

For she was wilde and young and he was old,
And dee med him self be lyke a cuck old.

How discordant is such a reading as—

For she was wilde and young and he was old,
And dee med him self be lyke a cuck old,

which accentuates "be," unpardonable in a poet.

New Orleans, La. GENEVIEVE FRASER.

"The Fountain" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have read with much interest Mr. Henry Neumann's letter in your issue of October 22nd, concerning Mr. Charles Morgan and "The Fountain." I would like to challenge Mr. Neumann's request "to be set straight" by an admirer of the book.

When Mr. Neumann states that the author of "The Fountain" "glorifies disloyalty" and speaks of the "adulterous be set straight" by an admirer of the book. having politer names for the treason to the heroines husband," I find myself saying, *"Honi soit qui mal y pense."* For it seemed to me, as I know it undoubtedly did to many other readers, as well as to the critics, that it was Mr. Morgan's intention to write a novel on the theme of the *contemplative life,* a novel primarily of the beauty of philosophy and thought, and not on a theme of so-called adultery and disloyalty.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Neumann was not one of those readers who missed the true essence of the novel by either passing over the first one hundred and twenty-five pages completely, or read it in the subway *en route,* turning the pages to get to the drama or the "juicy matter." For thus read, he seems to have lost the complete charm of the book which lies not only in its rare insight into the beauty of philosophy but in the *poetic style* of the writing. And that philosophy is the fore*most theme of the novel is further* brought out by the rare friendship which springs up between the heroine's husband and lover, the basis of which is their theories and knowledge of philosophy, and in which friendship the woman is completely left outside the pale.

I dare not go on with my interpretation of this delightful and beautiful work, for I feel certain there will be an avalanche of correspondence in defense of Mr. Morgan's book, though he does not need any.

New York City. DORIS ISAACS.

"Professional Patriots"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

No one would suspect, from reading William Allen White's review of Allan Nevins's book, "Grover Cleveland—A Study in Courage," that the "professional patriots" with their "demogoguery of superpatriotism," to whom Mr. White (and perhaps Mr. Nevins) refers, are those who were willing to give the last full measure of devotion to our country and, thereby, through their loyalty, preserved us a nation.

The charge that the G. A. R. was overthrown by Cleveland is absurd, as they were not a political body. The late Senator J. B. Foraker, distinguished alike for his loyalty and his statesmanship (jingoism, according to Mr. White), covers this point in his "Notes of a Busy Life," Volume I, page 275, in a report of his speech delivered August 26, 1885, and published in the Cadiz (Ohio) *Republican,* in the following way:

> He [Foraker] commenced by saying that he had never before, at any one of the many reunions he had attended, heard the words "Republican" and "Democrat" used as Governor Wilson had used them. He had never before heard a word of politics at any reunion or at any meeting of any kind of the members of the G. A. R.
>
> He said their organization was not political, and their reunions were not such. There were hundreds of Democratic soldiers present who would so testify, etc.

When one recalls that Cleveland's opponent in the National election in 1886 was James G. Blaine, the baselessness of Mr. White's charges against the G. A. R. is apparent; for Blaine, like Cleveland, had procured a substitute and "stayed at home and minded what he thought was better business than war." Blaine, therefore, could not be a member of the G. A. R., yet he was the nominee of that party which Mr. White alleges was dominated by "superpatriots," the G. A. R.

Hayes and Garfield, Union soldiers both, and "superpatriots," were nominated by the Republicans, not because of G. A. R. influence, but because of the feud between Conkling and Blaine that kept each man from receiving the Republican nomination, and Conkling was not a Union soldier, either!

Surely the Union soldiers had and have as much right to influence public opinion as those who belittle their matchless patriotism. There are men still living who were with Meade at Gettysburg; with Thomas at Chickamauga; with Sherman on his famous march; with Grant at Appomattox—does this record make them "professional patriots," even though they are members of the Grand Army of the Republic?

(Miss) LUCY S. STEWART,
Secretary 31st Ohio Regimental Association.

Kenneth Grahame

The late Kenneth Grahame was given to writing delightful letters to his friends, and Mrs. Kenneth Grahame is endeavoring to collect some of the best of these letters for publication in volume form. She asks that anyone having letters from Mr. Grahame suitable for publication will be so kind as to have a copy made and sent to her at Church Cottage, Pangbourne, Berks.

"Alliteration," says John o' London, "has been well described as the jingle which tends to impose itself on language, whether verse or prose, as in 'spick and span,' 'weal and woe,' and so on. Its highest uses have been discovered by the greater poets."

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A Letter From France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

IT has become a commonplace to note that, after a long war involving several nations, the latter all become busy revising their notions of government and their theories of civilization. The Independence of America was partly the result of a new notion of Empire that grew up in England after the Seven Years War. The old theory was that oversea territories were not expected to contribute directly to the metropolitan budget. The new theory was that colonies, as part of protective and expanding empire, shared in its security and development and could not refuse to share in its charges and burdens. It is not quite a paradox to say that America, backed by France, won her independence by fighting on the conversative side, although under revolutionary colors. But this is a digression that would lead us too far.

I do not wish to exaggerate the contribution of France to that vast inquiry into the origins of all institutions now proceeding everywhere. Let me only say that one can hardly exaggerate its scope and influence. Durckheim may have invented sociology. His 'invention" may have become an "invasion." But, like all pacific invasions, it proved irresistible. It has penetrated history right to the core. We have ceased to believe in philosophies of the past. Men and minds, moments and monuments, social institutions and developments of society hold the first place. Generalization is allowed, tolerated, provided it be modest and blushing, and well founded on an exhaustive analysis. For good or for evil, we shy at the summary "Declines and Falls" which many of our neighbors and some of our own people launch upon the world every other season, to be gobbled by those millions who want their opinions well cut though ready-made, and cherish the illusion of comprehending things which they have not yet learned to apprehend. In other words, we think that all history is an interpenetration, and do not believe in legislating from the outside. In this sense only, and with these restrictions, do we believe in any *laws* of history, and any *synthesis* of events.

The "Bibliothèque de Synthèse Historique" is published by La Renaissance du Livre under the general editorship of M. Henri Berr.* Thirty odd volumes are ready, twenty will follow. They contain the last word of science on many problems concerning the early developments of humanity, from prehistoric times to the beginnings of the modern age. Their authors do not claim an eminent rank as prophets, sages, and seers. The miracles of intuition that happen in the *clair-obscur* of other national temperaments are neither a total exception nor a frequent occurrence in the history of French thought. But when it comes to the marshalling of otherwise ill-connected facts, you can rely upon my compatriots to supply a good number of field marshals. Most of our great scientists have also been, be it said without disrespect, great journalists, masters in the art of exposition, if not of explanation. The majority of French critics and historians of life, of art, literature, institutions, may be wanting in imaginative insight and emotional appeal. But I need not quote names to emphasize their special aptitude to put the whole proverbial "matter" into the traditional "nutshell." They are indeed "good packers." When the packer is also the manufacturer of a first-rate stuff, his parcels deserve welcome. Such is the case with the volumes published by the B. S. H.

They are all by specialists. But all these specialists, although writing for a larger public than their own, remain scrupulous scientists, and the same cannot be said of all the Messiahs, all the professors of so-called sciences (political and other) that swarm every year from our shores towards yours.

The B. S. H. books are all original in one way or another, but their originality is founded, as it should be, on a knowledge of origins. They have that sense of the past, so much wanting in recent French or German interpretations of America.

You will not find in the whole list a single one of those books of self-vulgarization which, although far too common in every country, are considered here as a specialty of English and American celebrities. The enormous reward offered in case of success by the English, American, and Dominion markets are, of course, a great incentive. But is the cramping effect of a restricted audience, sometimes fatal in small countries, more baneful than the prospect of being read by millions of ill-equipped readers, and the incipient temptations to tempt them? Some of the books published by the B. S. H. may be too heavy for general use. None is irritating on account of its sensationalism or superficiality. A large proportion belong to the first order of learned literature. Another point is that, thanks to the editor's Introduction, a general scale of values and standards is maintained throughout.

Among the volumes published are some well-known pre-war acquaintances, such as "La Terre avant L'Histoire" (Edmond Perier), "L'Humanité Préhistorique" (J. de Morgan), and, more recently, the ever young and ever useful book of J. Vendryès on "Le Langage" and Eugène Pittard on "Les Races et L'Histoire." One of the most important "titles" and, in my opinion, one of the most opulently supplied with facts and ideas is "Des Clans Aux Empires," treating of social organization among so-called "primitives" and in the ancient East, by A. Moret and G. Davy.

Volumes 7 to 26 deal respectively with the early Egyptian civilization (Moret)—Mesopotamian, Assyrian, and Babylonian; (Delaport)—the Ægean culture; (Glotz)—the growth of the Greek states; (Jardé)—Art in Greece—Greek Thought and the Birth of the Scientific Spirit, by L. Robin—The Greek "City" (Glotz);—Macedonian Imperialism and Hellenization of the East (P. Jouguet)—The Early Economic Systems (J. Toutain);—Primitive Italy and the Early Roman Imperialism (Léon Homo);—The Political Institutions of Rome: From "City" to "State," by the same;—Rome and the Establishment of a Legal System (J. Declareuil);—The Roman World (V. Chapot);—Early Persia and the Iranian Civilization (Huart);—Chinese Civilization: Public and Private Life (M. Granet).

"Chinese Thought," by the same, and "India," under the editorship of Mr. Sylvain Lévy, are ready for publication.

The second section, also of twenty-five volumes, is in course of publication, and deals with the origins of Christianity and the history of the Middle Ages. "La Fin du Monde Antique et Les Débuts Du Moyen Age," by F. Lot, is considered a masterpiece. To make of any interpretation of the past the basis or the pretext of a doctrine applying to the present is, of course, entirely unscientific. If we really want access to the past, we must abstain from projecting into its folds the burning light of our desires. But if, while reading the strict analysis of a given period, you are inevitably made to feel the poignancy of its similarity with our own times, as well as the impossibility of a similar issue, then the author, although he never hints at these pathetic resemblances and dissemblances, has done much more for his readers than any sage or prophet. The agony of the Roman-Greek civilization lasted several centuries. But the turning points were sharp, short, and some of them had not yet been emphasized. For instance that "Back-to-the-Land Upheaval" which killed Rome and might save us, if still possible. For instance again, the metaphysical disease which undermined individualities and involved the state in visionary systems of religious or secular orthodoxy. You cannot read anything more dramatic and timelier than M. Lot's austere and objective account of the twilight of the ancient world. I hold no brief for the B. S. H. and have no truck with its editor, authors, and publishers. But their series of histories is like a three-decker sailing past, slow and sure, and strong: it deserves a salute.

Among smaller craft, Charles Benoist's "Souvenirs" (Plon) provides excellent reading, and Léon Daudet's "Salons et Journaux" (Flammarion) make one think of a modern Saint-Simon. Michel Missoffe, in "La Vie Volontaire d'André Tardieu" and "Gyp et Ses Amis" (Flammarion" is less pungent, but not less entertaining. Among all his other gifts, he has that delightful geniality which makes the excellent chronicler. He is young, full of energy; he has been in politics, he is now in the first rank of the diplomatic service, and seems to know everybody worth knowing. Above all he likes life, and men, and women, and is at home with every sort and condition of people. That sympathy and comprehension make him more than a successful interpreter of the comedy of politics and literature. He is an artist in realities.

* This series is published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf under the title of "History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden.

If You Like Adventure

Here is a fair Sample!

(from page 191 of "A YANKEE ROVER")

" By God!" groaned a man standing by me. "They're firing with pitch-pine and we've only got cottonwood! She's going to beat us!"

"Rosin!" another called out. "I'll bet it's rosin!"

"Hams!" said someone else. "Bacon, that's what it is!"

"Hams?" cried an excited voice behind me. "Hams? Where's the captain? Captain!" he shouted, running toward the pilot house. "I got ten barrels of hams down there. Burn 'em, by God, burn 'em, if that'll win the race!"

"Right!" yelled Captain Grant, "I'll burn 'em!"

"Let's go below," said Nichols, and down we went.

The lower deck was a sight. Half naked niggers tore logs from the wood-pile in front of the furnaces, pulled open red hot fire-doors, hurled the sticks into a roaring hell of flame, where they seemed to melt like wax. Back to the wood-pile again, rip out another log and in with it! Work as they might, they could hardly work fast enough to feed that devouring blaze.

And it was hot there! So hot that those black devils—they looked like that—those ministering demons, had to sluice each other with buckets of water to stand it, so hot that the wood-pile smoked, seemed about to burst into flame. An open barrel of whiskey stood near by and every few minutes one of these fellows would run to it, scoop up a cupful, swill it raw and run back to his labor.

From back further on the deck now came the crash of axes on barrels, ham barrels, and the new fuel was hurried forward, greeted with cheers, with howls of delight from the firemen. "Dat's it. Now you'ah shoutin'!" "Po'k fat does it!" "Ole *Jubilee's* gone coon now!" "Pile 'em in, boys, pile 'em in!" And in they went, dozens and dozens of them.

We went up above again. Flames were leaping from our stacks now. Pitch black smoke, thick greasy smoke was pouring out. Yells of delight, of triumph saluted "dat ole *Jubilee.*" We'd beat her now! But, as we watched . . .

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A. S. G., Boston, Mass., asks which detective story is prefaced by an excellent essay on the technique of writing detective fiction. "I have an idea it may be one of Ronald Knox's books." The first essay of this kind to be used as a preface was affixed to "The World's Best Detective Stories" (Scribner), edited by Willard Huntington Wright; it remained the best study of its kind till Dorothy Sayers performed a greater service for students of the type by her masterly preface to "The Omnibus of Crime" (Viking). Since then she has made another for "The Second Omnibus of Crime." The first two of these are now in reprint editions. Ronald Knox's contribution is in quite another sort of book, "Essays in Satire" (Dutton), a perennial delight to at least a dozen different kinds of readers. The detective story addict is delighted by his treatment of the Sherlock Holmes records in the light of the higher criticism—a lovely piece of ratiocination backed by the minute attention to detail marking the true Sherlockian.

M. M., Morganton, N. C., asks for a novel by a Dutch author, to be read by a study club, and asks if Marie Verhoeven Schmidt, author of "The Infinite Longing," is Dutch. The author of "The Infinite Longing," just published here by Harcourt, Brace, is Dutch; in its German version this novel was highly successful, and it was taken very seriously in Germany. Like Christian Wahnschaffer in "The World's Illusion," the hero runs a course of intensive sinning, comes at long last completely to grief, and finds through self-abnegation what may be called peace, or spiritual coma, according as one looks at it.

"Masquerade" (Dutton) is the latest of the novels of Jo van Ammers-Kuller to be translated; her "Rebel Generation" (Dutton) is one of the novels that have gone on record as historical documents of feminism. "Masquerade" takes its title from the local pageant—not unlike the Mardi Gras of New Orleans—celebrated yearly in Delft, the author's home town, when the story opens some twenty years ago; it lasts long enough to carry into the present a girl who just misses happiness in love or marriage by having the ingredients for it but not in the right order or combination. I was delighted to find her quoting the vibrant verse of Ricarda Huch in the original; it thrills its way through into the mind of anyone with the least possible German.

Of writers of the last generation, let it be Louis Couperus, whose "Book of the Small Souls" (Dodd, Mead) is one of the outstanding novel sequences of our time.

E. H., Massachusetts, a senior at college, is interested in discovering the general principles of music "of the sort we hear on the concert stage," and asks for books technical enough to be of some use but not too much to keep the broad outlines, and, after this, for "recent partisan propaganda; books stating various points of view." The writers of musical appreciation by amateurs have this advantage over the old, that they can make reasonably sure the reader will know what they are trying to say, because he can play over a record to which the author refers. This is not the same thing as hearing an orchestra play it, but it is much better than trying to think in terms of a quite unknown medium. In the case of the "new" music especially, five minutes listening to the thing itself is worth a ton of listening to talk about it. When one can read and continually check what one reads by listening, the chances of learning are vastly greater. "Listening to Music," by Douglas Moore (Norton), is a carefully arranged course of study of this kind; it is broad-minded, and its style is direct and lucid. An interesting and useful history of changes in musical form is "The Story of Music," by Paul Bekker (Norton), which goes from the Greeks to the moderns.

For these moderns, George Dyson's "The New Music" (Oxford University Press) is the most thoughtful survey I have found. I am in two minds whether to tell this reader to go through the books of general principles before beginning on "partisan propaganda," or to let the new idiom a clear field. On general principles it is well before joining a revolt to know what one is revolting against. But then, there are those to whom this "new idiom" is the only natural musical language.

W. J. W., New York, has just brought from Washington the *printed specifications of two early patents* of game-boards of the Ouija type, including the E. J. Bond one using the name Ouija; he brought them for *J. J. who asked about the name in this column,* and asks me to pass them on to him. Will J. J. please send me his address, as in transatlantic moving it has been mislaid? And *The Book Club, Memphis, Tenn.,* having arranged a year's program of study of contemporary Southern authors, with the assistance of this department, has thoughtfully sent me a copy of the resulting booklet in which this is printed, to lend "in the event that some other 'Southern literati' might need help along this line." This reminds me that it would save this department much typing if clubs making programs with its aid would in like manner send me the finished product to be filed for borrowing by other programmakers. It might amaze some of the readers of this department to learn how many such programs are made each season; they are too long to be printed here, so nobody but the receivers know about them.

M. G. T., Montgomery, Ala., asks for books on contemporary American writers, besides Manly and Rickert's "Contemporary American Literature" (Harcourt, Brace).

"Sketches in Criticism," by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton), is not only contemporary; it goes back far enough for a good running jump into the present, but its reviews of the present day throw light not only upon books but upon forces back of books and men. "American Literature and Culture," by Grant C. Knight (Long & Smith), devotes a third of its space to "the literature of realism," in which he considers novels even as recent as "Call Home the Heart." Professor Knight's study approaches our books by way of our life, not the other way around, and thus takes on at once a characteristic American spirit. Dorothy Dudley's "Forgotten Frontiers" (Smith & Haas) is supposed to "reflect the story of Americans"; it is all about Theodore Dreiser; 487 large pages about Dreiser; it is also about Sumner and vice crusaders, authors, publishers, and movie rights in their relation to Dreiser. "American Writers on American Literature," edited by the late John Macy (Liveright), is a collection of essays by thirty-seven contemporary writers and critics, one of the opinion-books lately so often compiled in an effort to get America on record in one way or another. "Contemporary American Authors" (Holt, 1928) is one of these in which the opinions are mainly by British authors; these appeared in the *London Mercury* and are here gathered with an introduction by Dr. Canby. Another significant foreign criticism is that of Régis Michaud, "The American Novel To-Day" (Little, Brown, 1928). For an informal biographical approach, "Living Authors" (Wilson); it is a big book, but it will be often lifted from its shelf. On this reference shelf it will be well to have the latest volume of Edward J. O'Brien's useful annual, "Best Short Stories of 1932" (Dodd, Mead).

H. C. R., Olive View, Cal., has read "As Is Was," by Helen Thomas, and asks for the name of the sequel and the titles of any books by Edward Thomas, prose or poetry, published in America. The sequel—with which the earlier work is reprinted—to Mrs. Thomas's biography is "World without End" (Harper). The "Collected Poems of Edward Thomas" are published here by Liveright; a volume of essays and sketches, "Cloud Castle," by Dutton; he wrote two of the series of color books for Black, "Oxford" and "Wales," published here by Macmillan; his "Keats" is in a pamphlet series issued by Dodge in 1916, and he edited an unusually good anthology of selections in England's praise, "This England" (Oxford). I notice that his brilliant essays, 'The Heart of England," have just been reprinted in Dent's "Open Aid Library" of which Eric Daglish is editor.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

ONE GENERATION AWAY. By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD. Holborn House. 1932. $2.50.

It is practically impossible for a book of short stories to give the sense of unified achievement attainable in a novel, and unless the reviewer's taste is especially addicted to the short story as such, whether separate or compiled, he is apt to pass a cursory judgment on such a book as this. Considering it fairly in its own field, however, it must be credited with an unusually wide range of scene and character, a power of penetrating observation of the small things of life that go to make up the large, and a marked sense of the dramatic which must be part of a successful short story method. The stories are serious in trend, but they are effective rather than moving. Occasionally they are a little overwritten and artificial, but as a rule they attain their end. The author — a Canadian — attempts especially to achieve poignancy without sentimentality and is on the whole successful; his style is forceful and dramatic without being affected.

Fiction

ALTOGETHER NOW. By KISKADDON WYLIE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

This is a college novel written by an outraged freshman. There is not much college (you visit three classrooms conducted without profit by poor, dumb professors), but there is continuous drinking and crapshooting and girl hunting. Spider is, in fact, never caught sober. It is like reading a Burnett gangster story with a college instead of a Clark Street setting. It is a rebellious book of a young man whose sensitive spirit has been hurt, or at least outraged, by the barbarity of fraternity life and its lack of cultural interests. Its virtue is its high-pitched energy; its faults may safely be left to time and maturity.

JUNIPER HILL. By MARIAN WINNEK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $2.

Thoroughly earnest in intention but dull in fact, Miss Winnek's novel plods its way through three hundred and fifty-seven pages of undistinguished prose and wearisome banality. Set in the last decade of the nineteenth century, "Juniper Hill" relates the varying fortunes and tangled life-histories of a large family whose concerns capture the reader's imagination only with difficulty. There is material here for a solidly conceived and well-executed work, but in Miss Winnek's hands the large cast of characters never achieves life. Old Elisha Priest, grandfather of young Marguerite Fuller, has the makings of a full-bodied character; Marguerite herself, daughter of Eugenia whose two marriages have in effect exiled her from the family hearth, comes closest to enlisting the reader's sympathetic interest, battered as she is between the puritanical traditions of the old family, her mother's vanity and hysteria, her stepfather's alcoholism. There is a host of minor characters, differing from each other only in externals, all equally uninteresting. A particularly unimaginative presentation prevents otherwise excellent material from achieving three-dimensional existence on the printed page.

RIVERHEAD. By ROBERT HILLYER. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Working with exceedingly thin material, Mr. Hillyer has vainly assayed a novel of more than transitory importance. Into the story of Paul Sharon's voyage upstream to visit his godfather, the visit and the journey downstream, he has woven situation and comment obviously intended to be symbolic, but so obvious as to frustrate his purpose. The case against Paul is stated on his canoe trip upstream. He is a defeated youth waiting patiently for others to solve his problems. He has been defeated in his suit for his sweetheart's hand by a man of coarser fibre than himself; he has failed always to force issues; he was nauseated by the legally complacent witness of a murder; he is a spineless creature. Yet, in some manner the author fails to make explicit, his brief visit with his godfather and the receipt of a check-book make a man of him, and on the trip downstream he settles accounts with his stepmother, beats up an evangelist, sets an impoverished couple up in housekeeping, captures his bride by force of arms on her wedding-eve, and together they drift downstream and out to sea!

Mr. Hillyer's narrative powers are as weak as his hero, and the novel teems with banal situations, trite phraseology, and commonplace philosophical comment uttered with an air of discovery.

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY. By *Marjorie Shuler*. Burt. $1.

RESPONSIBILITY. By *Laurence Sears*. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

PAINTED MISCHIEF. By *Frank Shay*. Macaulay. $2.

PUBLIC AFFAIRES. By *Barbara Worsley-Gough*. Dial. $2.

History

WILD HORSES AND GOLD: From Wyoming to the Yukon. By ELIZABETH PAGE. Farrar & Rinehatr. 1932. $3.

No one should judge this book by its title. The title suggests a straight fact narrative. The publishers' notices indicate a straight fact narrative—a chronicle of the drive of a bunch of range horses from Wyoming for the Klondike market in the gold-rush days of 1897. But it is not a fact-burdened statement of day by day travel. Basing her story upon records, again, and filling out with her own knowledge, Miss Page has employed those methods of the story-teller which she employed in her Oregon Trail scene, "Wagons West" and has produced a real-life drama with all the illusion of fiction. Her invention lies mainly in the conversation that carries the action; and this conversation, like her descriptive touches characterizing persons and country, is truthful.

The story was inspired by the diary kept by Kansas Gilbert, Wyoming rancher, and his supplementing relation of events; and by interviews with his contemporaries upon the trail. The narrative, crowded with incident, has no lost motion. It is valuable as history, for the gold trail of 1897-1898 from Edmonton to the Klondike via the Peace River, Great Slave Lake, and further points, or by the western branch of Fort St. John, the Pelly River, and Fort Selkirk, has been little emphasized in Klondike annals for the American reader. It is valuable as an extraordinarily vivid document of human and brute adventuring. And it is valuable for the reason that with its characterization, humor, tenderness, action, and suspense it supplies good informative reading.

The book is equipped with an excellent map. The sketches throughout by Paul Brown are admirable.

GOLD IN THEM HILLS. By C. B. GLASSCOCK. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $3.50.

Mr. Glasscock's "Gold in Them Hills" chronicles the ups and downs of fortune in connection with the career of the mining camps Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, *et al.*, of southwestern Nevada during the first decade of 1900. It is built along the lines of his story of the Comstock Lode—that prodigious mining and stocks gamble of the sixties.

Mr. Glascock writes whereof he knows, for as editor of a camp paper he was on the spot in the height of the boom. The story also comes close to some of us who were not there. The high-pressure system employed by the brokers floating Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog stocks throughout the country is still a speaking memory, although the stocks are dumb. Why, on the Kawich properties "they" (by brokers' report) were taking out the gold with steam-shovels!

In May, 1900, the accident of a sandstorm drove "Lazy Jim" Butler to join his burros in the shelter of a long-neglected desert ledge. Idly chipping with his prospector's pick he broke into the Tonopah treasure-box. Owing to the demands of his hay crop, however, he did not make locations until the next August. By the in-rush the camp of Tonopah (the Indian place-name based upon "pah," water) was founded. In seven years it grew to fifteen thousand people. Grubstakes for the jobless developed the new territory of Goldfield. Bullfrog (where the carrying ore was green), Rawhide, Rhyolite, and other camps were announced. As the author points out, the Western mining depression (he might have said also the brokerage depression), since the exhaustion of the Comstock field, had been countered. The population of Nevada, reduced by one third, took sharp upward slant again. Some $250,000,000 were added to the currency circulation of the nation.

Possibly by reason of the nearness of the scene "Gold in Them Hills" must lack the historic glamor of the Comstock story. Names of national figures and of captains in industry do attach to it. There are Senator Tasker L. Oddie, Charles Schwab, George Wingfield who is a power in Nevada. But they do not yet have the perspective of the names Mackay, Fair, Flood, Sutro, Mills, of the first "big bonanza" days. We revert to Goldfield as the site of the fight, Labor Day, 1906, between Battling Nelson and Joe Gans. That Goldfield was then producing a million dollars in treasure a month is likely to be overlooked.

None the less the book is vastly entertaining. The story interest is livened by numerous anecdotes and amusing episodes illustrative of prospector and mining-camp ways and means. The pictures themselves are from old photographs.

Miscellaneous

KREUGER'S BILLION DOLLAR BUBBLE. By *Earl Sparling*. $2.50.

THE STORY OF SLEEPY SAM. By *Dorothy Sherrill*. Greenberg.

VIVEKA-CHUDAMARI. By *S'ri S'Ankaracharya*. Translated by *Mohini M. Chatterji*. Adyar, Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF PARTIES. By *Margaret Lockwood Andrews*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

A THEATRE LIBRARY. By *Rosamond Gilder*. Theatre Arts. $1.

HUMANISM AS A WAY OF LIFE. By *Joseph Walker*. Macmillan. $1.25.

THE GROWTH OF LIVING THINGS. By *Evelyn Chausman*. McBride. $2.

KING FOOTBALL. By *Reid Harris*. Vanguard. $2.

HIS APOLOGIES. By *Rudyard Kipling*. Doubleday, Doran.

A SHAKESPEARE HANDBOOK. By *Raymond Macdonald Alden*. Crofts. $1.50.

SOCIALIST PLANNING AND A SOCIALIST PROGRAM. Edited by *Harry W. Laidler*. Falcon Press. $2.

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328 CIVILIZING OURSELVES

Let the man of mature culture hold his peace. Let him look level-eyed into the face of the dictator. The popular idol will shift his gaze, knowing that he cannot survive without deference to the inner spirit of man. There is something about the inwardness, the self-knowledge, the ability to live above the world, which puts all materialistic theories and all little material advantage-seekers to shame. Everyone who has attained maturity of spirit knows this something. He is not afraid of adolescent terrors, nor lured by childish dreams. He can live without popular heroics and above childish dread of the unknown. He has outgrown idolatries, having overcome them in himself during the course of his maturity. He has beheld a grandeur more commanding than that which dresses up and parades before the mob. He has overcome the mob in overcoming it in his own spirit. Because he has overcome the world in his own heart, and the struggle has left no trace of bitterness or envy, he knows that no superficial economic or political change of fortune can make him other than he is. All theories of economic and political determinism are attempted consolations of people who have never grown up to turn environmental flux into spiritual reality. There never has been, and never will be, a dictatorship over the mature human spirit.

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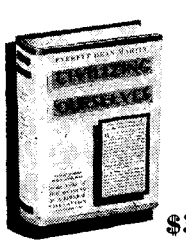

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By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

Author of *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*

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Not Many Asterisks

THERE has been a faint suspicion entertained by observant readers, and travellers in the more thickly settled portions of the country, that morals, in the sense in which that term is used by the self-appointed guardians of private affairs, from the Roman church to the Watch and Ward Society, are in a bad way. I suppose, as a matter of fact, they always have been, or redeeming agencies would never have been so busy as they usually seem to be. But as regards books, and more especially certain kind of books euphemistically listed by dealers as "curiosa," it almost seems as if the lid had not only been removed, but lost. With the memoirs of Casanova—surely one of the most amazing and amazingly interesting books ever written—selling for $1.79, it hardly seems worth while to be furtive about one's collecting of such books: in fact it almost seems better to collect firsts of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," or of Walt Mason's verse.

Such books as the "Contes Drôlatiques," or the "Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments" have long been accessible to almost everyone in unexpurgated editions: their outstanding merit as stories, the best stories ever written perhaps, has compelled even the Paul Pry's to give up the task of ferreting out and destroying them as hopeless. But when a modern book of real importance appears, written with a freedom of expression not of the *mores*, it has been fairly easy to keep it from even legitimately interested readers. And by such I mean readers who like a good story, or who believe that no *censor expurgatorius* has any right to deprive an adult of whatever reading matter he chooses. When "Lady Chatterley's Lover" appeared it had to be printed in France: English nerves couldn't stand it, and Americans were not even allowed to know about the book save by reference, or by the perusal of copies smuggled through the customs house, and, consequently almost impossible to come by. Lawrence's magnificent protest against the restrictions of ordinary English usage has proved too great even for America, where, if the censors had their way we should have to be content with the really obscene (because veiled and smug and leering) motion picture magazines, the physical culture magazines, and the accounts of divorce trials. An edition of "Lady Chatterley" is now announced by an American publisher, with the insulting assurance that it contains "very few asterisks!" It is a nauseating situation. Books on sexual matters, more or less thinly veiled under the guise of "medical" treatises, have been allowed to circulate (with one can guess how much agony in the Sumner group): the pornography of the newsstands still affronts the eye: but so forthright a book as "Lady Chatterley" is still *verboten*. "Batouala," which is brutal and frank: "Merryland," which is fantastic and pretty obvious: and numerous other books of similar kind circulate freely through the mails. Innumerable lending libraries of books supposed to be very wicked seem to flourish if the advertisements mean anything. But books which are furtive and veiled in lascivious allegory are not honest or decent or worthwhile books.

Perhaps we should be encouraged by the fact that Lady Chatterley and her lover are now allowed to circulate in the land of the Puritan with their naked language partly clothed. But after all why clothe it at all?

I personally prefer the good sanity of the Merrills' books on nudism to French pornography: I like the usually ungracious *Nation* rather than the always vulgar *Saturday Evening Post;* and I would infinitely rather read "Lady Chatterley," which the censor says I may not have, than "The Specialist," which is amusing for exactly twenty seconds. But I don't want my copy of "Lady Chatterley" expurgated — bowdlerized — "asterisked." The Puritans and the censors and the prohibitionists have had a sweet time in America, and they have besmirched art and letters and life. But their day is drawing to a close. It seems possible to hope that at no very distant day the asterisk will again return to its proper place as a guide to light and learning, and cease to be an obscurantist symbol. R.

Other Than Errata

NOT all inserted slips have to do with the fallibility of authors, editors, and compositors. Often they are the equivalent of stop-press news, and take the place of the fudge-boxes which are familiar to readers of metropolitan evening papers.

When Rudyard Kipling's "The City of Dreadful Night" was first issued in England, in 1891 (following its original appearance of 1890 at Allahabad), there was inserted at the title page a slip announcing, as explained in Mrs. Livingston's bibliography, "that at the time of printing the work the publishers had overlooked the fact that the title had been previously used for a volume of poems by James Thomson (B. B.). They had, however, received permission from Mr. Thomson's publishers to use it."

A pathetic and unusual example of an inserted slip concerned with other than errata is to be found in the first American edition of Charles Lever's last novel, "Lord Kilgobbin" (New York, 1872). Lever concluded "Kilgobbin" in January of that year at Trieste while gravely ill—he died there four months later. Mrs. Lever died while the novel was in press, and the dedication, in the New York edition, is printed on a slip tipped in at the first text page which reads: "To the memory of one whose companionship made the happiness of a long life, and whose loss has left me helpless, I dedicate this book, written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task, that was once my joy and my pride, I have lived to find associated with my sorrow: it is not, then, without a cause I say, I hope this effort will be my last."

But inserted slips are no respecters of heart's anguish. Here is Volume IX-X of the *Harvard Monthly,* embracing the academic year 1889-90, when Robert W. Herrick was editor-in-chief and Norman Hapgood was of the staff—and Bliss Carman and George Santayana were among the contributors. There was considerable to-do at Harvard in that era about Diderot, Keats, Ibsen, Browning, Zola, George Eliot, and three alleged Yale graduates who were still playing football for Yale. They had played in the game with Stevens Institute anyway, according to the Boston *Herald,* and the *Monthly* added:

> The captain of the Yale eleven attempted to play Cornell with these same men on his team, and was compelled to withdraw them. Furthermore it is reported on good authority that these gentlemen with the consent of the Yale Faculty have registered in some department of the University, although at the beginning of the college year two of them were engaged in business in New York and one was teaching school. Another valuable addition to the football team has been made in . . . a graduate who has opportunely entered the *Divinity* School. As the matter now stands, Yale evidently intends to win her championship foot-ball games this fall by the aid of these gentlemen.

The heavens were crumbling, but justice was on the way to being done. Inserted at page one of the issue for November, 1889, the same in which the condemnatory statements quoted appeared, was a slip with this italicized notice:

Since the editorial in this number of the *Monthly* went to press, the resolutions passed by the meeting of the Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association on Monday have been made public. These new rules, for which Yale voted, change the state of affairs materially. Until Yale acts in regard to the men mentioned in this editorial, the *Monthly* suspends judgment.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS is proud of his Scoop this week. Some time ago he saw in the New York *Times* an excellent story about the new seminar of advanced mathematics at Princeton, with which Professor Einstein is to be associated. It was said that over the fireplace of Fine Hall at Princeton has been carved a saying of Einstein's, translated as: "God is clever but not dishonest." This was good, but not good enough for inquisitive old Quercus, who desired the exact text. By the kindness of Alec Miller, the distinguished sculptor, who has been visiting Princeton, we now learn the original inscription. It is:—

RAFFINIERT IST DER HERR GOTT
ABER BOSHAFT IST ER NICHT

Which can more closely be translated, "Subtle is the Lord God, but not malicious."

Apropos W. H. Stoneman's *The Life and Death of Ivar Kreuger* (Bobbs-Merrill) good old Bob Davis of *The Sun* happened to show me a photo of Kreuger which he took in Stockholm a few years ago. But Bob did not include it in the big volume of his published photographs, *Man Makes His Own Mask*. "I was horrified when the picture was developed," said Bob. "I said to myself, gosh, I can't use that. It makes him look like a crook."

W. S. H., our favorite Autolycus, finds the following advertisement of an ingenious merchant in Parkersburg, W. Va.:

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W. S. H.'s comment is Why travel?

A disappointment. We've been waiting hopefully to see a copy of Thorne Smith's new farce, *The Bishop's Jaegers*, put in the window of the Jaeger shop on Fifth Avenue. Now we observe, with regret, that the Fifth Avenue Jaeger is going to quit. Are the good old woollies to be remembered only as something Thorne Smith writes about?

Famous Animal Stories, a generous 700-page anthology of animal adventure, fiction, and myth, is edited by our old friend Ernest Thompson Seton and ought to be good reading (Brentano's, $3.50). But one of the oddest choices is surely the inclusion, in the section "Stories of Real Animals," of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue!*

Souvenirs of the world's latest luxuries for each guest, is the enticing offer of Edgar White Burrill's Literary Luncheons, held at the Town Hall Club the second Saturday of each month. Each luncheon is sponsored by one or more publishers, "Presenting Celebrities of the Hour in person." Celebrity moves so fast nowadays, the poor boblisher finds, he can only count on the Hour.

My favorite patron of letters was always the sweet earnest old lady who became a Life Member of the Literary Vespers, and got "4 front row seats for all events perpetually."

There's a pleasant superstition in the show business that 45th Street is "The Street of Hits." There still seems to be some truth in it. Among the plays now doing excellent business on 45th Street at least six deserve mention—Lillian Gish in *Camille*, the Abbey Theatre players from Dublin, *When Ladies Meet*, *Dinner at Eight*, and those two long-runners *Counselor-at-Law* and *Another Language*.

And 45th Street is *Saturday Review* Street also; and the street of Fred Melcher's *Publishers' Weekly;* and the always entertaining *New Yorker;* and of Putnam's Bookstore. The Mermaids have been asking Old Quercus to remind you of these matters. Whatever happens in the election, 3½ legal tender mermaids will keep you in touch with 45th Street for a whole year.

The British government's campaign for its state-owned telephone service has its agitating phases. Letters recently arrived from England all carry this alarming cancel printed across the stamp: YOU ARE WANTED ON THE PHONE.

Speaking of Mermaids, they sometimes confess their innocent adventures. Mermaid M reports:

Mermaid G and I went to Sardi's for lunch because G heard that a great many theatrical celebrities ate there. The most we have ever spent for lunch (even in 1929) was 65c. Imagine our chagrin, then, when we discovered on picking up the menu that the price of a luncheon was $1.00. The waiter suggested that we sit upstairs, where the charge was only 85c. When we got up there we searched right and left for exciting looking people—all we saw was a table at which about 30 men were seated, conversing in very low, mysterious tones. Our waiter informed us that they were an undertakers' association and that they met there once a week.

P.S.—One day in Acker, Merrill & Condit's in the French Building we spied June Collier, the Hollywood star. G, who is up on motion picture news, said that the man at her table was her brother and that the lady was her mother.

Mr. Dick Montgomery of the well-known J. K. Gill Company, booksellers in Portland, Oregon, gently reproves us for suggesting that the Gotham Book Mart on 47th Street is the only bookshop with private access into a lunch-room.

"The *As You Like It*," he writes, "is a high-grade restaurant located in our building and opening through a door directly into our book department. Many persons come in to look at our books after they have lunched at the *As You Like It*, and vice versa."

The Better Food Institute is disturbed to learn that a prominent Sales Manager in the publishing business is nicknamed "Bicarb." They have sent us a Vitamin Chart from which we learn that bicarbonate of soda tends to destroy Vitamin B, and Vitamin B is specially valuable to Sales Managers: it "tones the glands, prevents nervous debility."

Other vitamines required by executives in the Book Trade are Vitamin A, decreases susceptibility to common colds; Vitamin C, prevents soreness of limbs and joints; Vitamin D, averts irritability and rickets; Vitamin E, the anti-sterility vitamin; Vitamin G, counteracts mental depression.

The conclusion suggested by this Vegetable Chart is that this winter publishers will do well to specialize on New Carrots, Green Peas, Spinach, Oranges, Tomatoes, Raw Cabbage, Lettuce, and Yeast.

George K., the *Saturday Review's* sterling office-boy, has a shrewd eye for a detective story. When we found him beguiling his well-earned lunch interval with the latest Dr. Thorndyke mystery, we were pleased, and begged him to write an exclusive notice for TRADE WINDS.

George reports:

I have just read R. Austin Freeman's new detective story, *Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery*. I followed Dr. Thorndyke as enthusiastically as his assistants, Jervis and Mr. Polton, the ingenious inventor, in his investigation into a certain criminal's activities. There are three separate bits of villainy perpetrated by this criminal. His identity is not disclosed until the second part has been read and then you should recognize him even though he works under an assumed name. The first part relates the interesting business of a receiver of stolen goods. His was a tragic ending. Part two reveals the murder of a police detective and the efforts of both Dr. Thorndyke and the police in trying to unravel this crime. Part three is an account of the mysterious silence of an antique dealer. After you read all three parts you will find them related in many ways. The solution and capture of the culprit is exciting and packed full of action. The story is good from the first page to the last.

October was generally a disappointing month in the trade, but the pioneering Sarah Ball, operating her chain of Book Stations (headquarters at Kent, Conn.), gallantly reports that it was better then September. Of her brave little series of Literary Filling Stations she says Litchfield, Conn. (at the Golden Eagle Antique Shop), ranks top. Kent is second and Torrington third. At Washington, Conn., a copy of *Pickwick* was sold ten minutes after it had arrived from the Oxford Press.

You will not have forgotten, by the way, Old Quercus's annual suggestion that the best place to prepare for Christmas is in the Book Room of the Oxford Press, 114 Fifth Avenue.

Cyril Clemens, the energetic founder of the Mark Twain Society of Webster Groves, Missouri, announces that he will shortly publish his *Life of Josh Billings*, with an introduction by Rupert Hughes. We know Josh only in scraps, but always enjoyed especially his remark, "Too much of anything is bad, but too much whiskey is just enough."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

THIS week we suddenly confront you with a personal experience which for some time we have felt it necessary to report. We have called this little effort

THE GENETICS OF JOHN GUSTABLE

Unfortunately Gustable and ourself work in the same office building, and in midsummer, on some torrid day when we are feeling particularly limp and dispirited, comes that meaty smack on the shoulder, detonates that voice of loud buoyancy, and all around us, it seems, looms John Gustable. We cannot choose but hear how many times he's run around the Reservoir at six that morning, how many cold baths he sloshes in *per diem*, what a swell summer resort is little old New York, and all about saline cocktails and setting-up exercises.

It is little wonder, we say to ourself, that in August we approach our particular office building with steps of stealth, and peer around the entrance into the lobby with beaded brow, making sure that Gustable isn't tramping up and down in front of the elevators, eager to be whisked aloft, tear into the work on his desk, and frisk like an elephant through another high-pressure business day.

This summer we left Yarmouth (after a week on the Cape) as a thief in the quite dark night, around ten-thirty, being the only person on the platform; got about two hours torrid, tossing sleep on a cindery train, and tumbled out again into Grand Central around seven-thirty A. M. The city was no cooler than we had left it. We were in a slumberous, itching, and fatigued condition. We thought we'd go to the office early and let ourself in with our key, after picking up breakfast somewhere.

So, lugging our heavy kit-bag, we finally made our way into a familiar sandwich shop on our street and called for coffee and bacon and eggs. By the time we were in the midst of this repast we began to feel slightly better, almost ready to face a business day. Then, looking up, we beheld Gustable. He had just seated himself across the counter; but his cheery hail rang forth immediately and he came round and took the stool beside us.

"Well, this *is* a morning!" he began. "This summer in New York has been a miracle. I've kept as cool as a cucumber. Better than any mountains or ocean you could pick out! But you've been away, eh? Got quite a load of freckles; and you seem to be peeling."

It filled us with spleen that here we should be returning to the big town simply all tired out and disorganized by a vacation, while Gustable, working through the summer with no chance to get away, displayed the rampant good health of a prize ox. And as we felt ourself looking lugubrious, we got even madder inside.

But "boy, it's a great day we're alive in," boomed our companion. "I can't understand all this grousing. Certain adverse conditions of course; but that only fills me full of fight. Up and at 'em, that's what I say! Business is a battle. I've had more *fun* this summer! And I've kept fit too, fit as a fiddle!"

We choked over our eggs, and spluttered with our mouth full, "Gee, 'at's dandy!"

"Strong as a horse," boomed Gustable, with a gesture that meant he would like to flex his biceps, and which nearly knocked us off our perch. Then he began to order himself a real man's breakfast—a dozen roast mastodon or something.

At that moment something drew our attention to the morning paper we held on our knee. The International Congress of Genetics was having itself quite a time in Ithaca, N. Y. A lot of scientists were saying a lot of things. We began to read—but of course we were interrupted. *"Ha! This builds the calories!"* cried Gustable, tearing apart a couple of bear-steaks or whatever they were.

"It's only your endocrine glands responding to environmental conditions, after all," we murmured. Then something else in the newsprint struck us. "By the way, ever had goiter?" we asked.

"Wha'—?" he queried, stuffing. "Course nah."

"That's all hooey it seems about goiter being due to insufficiency of iodine," we offered cheerfully. It's thyroid or something. You know, you look a *good deal* like incipient goiter," we added lifting our eyes to regard his full-moon face. "I'd be careful, old man!"

"Nonsense," said Gustable, swigging down two glasses of orange-juice. "I'm as sound—!"

"You're full of hyperkinesis," we said gravely.

"What the hell's that?"

"Its symptoms," we said, "are joviality, briskness, impulsive action, flow of speech—."

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

We shook our head several times and simply said, "H-m-m!" significantly.

"Trying to kid me?" demanded Gustable, but we thought he already looked a little worried.

"My dear fellow," we replied, "I wouldn't dream of it—but honestly, I'd look out for my physiological and psychological variations, if I were you!" We returned to our paper.

Then we looked up again, "How about myopia," we said, "Troubled with that?"

"Certainly not—wonderful eyesight—far-sighted—!"

"Um-m-m," we mused. Then we shook our head again. "Perhaps," we advanced, "a certain tendency toward albinism? There are a hundred genetical types of albinism in corn."

"Never drink corn," said Gustable. "Never drink anything, except orange juice."

"Oh, *orange juice!*" we said.

"You take the drosophile or quick-breeding fly," we said, "Experiments have shown all sorts of things. Then there's that mouse colony they've developed at Spring Harbor. You see, Gustable, it's all genes."

"It's all *what?*" he goggled.

"It's all genes," we said, "units of heredity—and you can't very well control them. You want to watch out for your hormones and chromosomes, too. They give you that false feeling of security. Besides, you're probably laboring under a considerable environmental handicap, and don't know it. You take, for instance, wildness in rats. They have these lighted platforms and dim platforms. If you drop the rat. . . ."

"Rats!" exploded Gustable, but we could see we had his attention now and that he wasn't eating any more breakfast. "Rats?" he said again, but more in the nature of a plaintive query.

"Rats," we said, positively, "scientific experiment, you know. Gene activity. What do you know about your intracellular genic substances? Are they isolated and purified?"

He was looking at us with a rather blank expression. Then, we can only employ a term that has come into recent fairly polite usage—he "burped." "Don't feel so good," he murmured, puzzled, and drew forth a square yard of white linen with which to mop his brow. "Where d'you get all this stuff, anyway?" he asked rather bellicosely. We had been reading our newspaper under the counter.

"*Don't* get it—*all*," we said modestly. "I don't know much about cellular physiology. Only know there are dangers. You take deaf-mutes—!"

"Hey," said Gustable to the girl, "my check, and make it snappy!"

"The case of Japanese dancing mice is peculiar—" we began again.

"Well, old man," said Gustable, securing a bit of cardboard, and sliding from his stool without any particular bounce, "I'm off to my work. Great day! I feel—I feel—well, as a matter of fact I don't feel so good at the moment. Though really, you ought to leave off filling your mind with all that pseudo-scientific junk. There isn't a word of truth in it—not a—." He burped again, rather pathetically, we thought. His eyebrows were drawn together and his eyes rather popped. He was like a man tortured in the throes of dawning intelligence. He trod off heavily toward the cashier's desk, and we noted as he stood there, passing coin across the counter, that his shoulders sagged. He shot a perturbed and suspicious look back at us before he heaved himself through the door. At that moment we were rather sorry for him. But, after all, we couldn't help it. And we ourself were feeling perfectly fine!

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